THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 976. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1949 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	569
CANADA'S DOLLAR GAP	572
PHANTOM EMPEROR. By Dorothy Woodman	572
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	573
THIS ENGLAND	574
ALERT! By Sagittarius	574
FREE ENTERPRISE IN ITALY. By Basil Davidson	574
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	575
MARKETING U.S. SURPLUSES. By Ritchie Calder	575
FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A EUROPEAN TRAMP. By Michael Hamburger	576
ARAB NORTH AFRICA—I. UNDER THE FRENCH	576
OUR BETTERS. By Edward Hyams	577
DEAR READERS. By Palomides	578
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Mad Salome. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	579
The New Patron. By Patrick Heron	579
The Movies. By William Whitebait	580
Television Notes. By W. E. Williams	580
ODE AGAINST ST. CECILIA'S DAY. By George Barker	582
CORRESPONDENCE	582
From J. R. Jameson; H. G. Milner; Professor Hogben; A. Zev Harris; W. Norman; Fenner Brockway; K. Zilliacus, M.P.; A. S. Neill; Humphry House; and Rachel E. Marshall.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	585
REVIEWS:	
The Growth of Science. By J. Bronowski	586
Scholars' Fair. By Giles Romilly	586
Straws in the Wind. By John Richardson	588
New Novels. By Antonia White	590
Merchant Adventurers. By Mervyn Jones	592
The Man to Love. By Ralph Partridge	592
Power and Justice. By Freda White	593
Clare in Keeping. By Naomi Lewis	594
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	596
CHESS. By Assiac	598

LAVAL WALKS AGAIN

THE secrecy, if not secretiveness, of the discussions in Paris, last week, between Mr. Acheson, Mr. Bevin and M. Schuman is in itself deeply disturbing. Dr. Adenauer has revealed a little by his positive statements and M. Schuman rather more by his denials. For once the press cannot be blamed for rumour-mongering. Sensational decisions are being taken behind closed doors; and the peoples of Europe and the New World have the right to know what they are.

Last August, when the Council of Europe met at Strasbourg, we stated that, whatever the success of the parliamentarians there assembled, a Franco-German entente was in the making; the real issue was whether, by full and public participation in Western Union, Britain could prevent a sinister union of the reactionary forces in France and Germany, leading to German domination of Western Europe and so ultimately to war.

The warning was disregarded. The British delegation at Strasbourg was so concerned to stop resolutions in favour of devaluation and convertibility, and so barren of constructive proposals for a Socialist Western integration, that it succeeded in presenting Britain as insularly disinterested in Europe. Instead of assisting a weak and divided France in constructive co-operation with Western Germany, we have withdrawn into isolation, leaving the progressive forces in Europe without leadership or a plan of action.

In Paris this week the inevitable consequences were drawn. Apart from the men of Vichy, who still dominate French Big Business and finance, most Frenchmen detest the idea of a Franco-German entente which excludes Britain. But what is the alternative, if Britain stands aside and America is willing to provide the dollars with which French business interests can achieve a part share in controlling German industry? Foreseeing the ultimate result with resigned horror, France is being dragged into subservience; and Laval whispers from his grave: "I should have lived to see this day."

It is only too easy to reply that no Ministerial utterance or official communiqué justifies such gloomy anticipation; all that has happened has been that the High Commissioners have been instructed to negotiate with Dr. Adenauer the terms for a cessation of dismantling, for relaxation of the restrictions on German shipbuilding, and for granting further powers to the Western German Government.

But what matters is less the action than the motive behind it. Dismantling *should* be wound up; Western Germany *should* be admitted to the Council of Europe; the vast potential of the Ruhr *should* be integrated with the iron and steel concerns of Germany's neighbours. But the question is—by whom and to what end? According to the German Chancellor, the Vereinigte Stahlwerke has produced a plan for raising 300 million marks of fresh capital for re-equipment. Of this, 225 millions would be subscribed "from abroad." The plan, he added at a press conference, was submitted to the Foreign Ministers in Paris. Its acceptance presumably depends on a flimsy safeguard of "security"—German willingness to participate in the Ruhr Authority. It would obviously be the fore-runner to other similar schemes for organizing a Franco-German economic entente on the familiar pre-war lines. Unless it is established on the basis of a real Socialist economic plan, any such entente must lead under present circumstances to the economic domination of Western Europe by the capitalist forces in Germany and France which brought Hitler to power and finally to the re-armament of Western Germany.

Can such a development be tolerable to Mr. Bevin, or even to Mr. Churchill, who in the 1930s forsaw most clearly of all the consequences of rearming Germany as a bulwark against the Soviet Union? We cannot believe it. Yet there is little or no indication that they are alive to the danger to-day; and Field-Marshal Montgomery is so obsessed by his need for forty divisions that his mind turns naturally to the greatest reserve of military man-power in Europe. It is left to Field-Marshal Wavell to remind us from his retirement that the Germans are a greater danger to Europe than the Russians, whose latest "peace offensive" at Lake Success has, so unwisely, been met merely by barren counter-propaganda.

Wage Claims: A Breathing Space?

In the slow development of the T.U.C.'s policy on wages there is an air of desperate effort to postpone the deluge. Until the general election is safely over? That consideration may well have been a factor in the discussion, last Monday, between members of the Cabinet and the General Council's Special Committee, which sought reassurances from the Government about the future course of prices and the treatment of profits. By all accounts, the attitude adopted by Ministers in the talks was that there were good grounds for hoping that the present economic crisis would be overcome within twelve months if the advantages of devaluation were not forfeited by an inflationary increase of production costs; that the economy programme recently announced would "do the trick," and that, in any case, there was no need to fear an increase in retail prices on a scale which would really hurt the working class. Such optimism appears to us to be somewhat sanguine; but the Committee was evidently impressed by it. At any rate, it issued an appeal

to all Trade Unions to suspend negotiations on current wage claims until the General Council had finally formulated a declaration of wages policy. The effectiveness of this appeal was soon put to the test. On Wednesday the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions decided to go ahead with its £1 a week wage claim. The N.U.M. Executive, more accommodating, resolved on the same day to mark time until the General Council had issued its final report. The Engineers' decision suggests that this report may have to be a cautious document.

Where Delay is Dangerous

The announcement by Dr. Evatt, the Australian Minister for External Affairs, that a meeting of British Commonwealth Foreign Ministers is likely to be held in Colombo early next year to discuss both the question of a Japanese peace treaty and the future relationship of the Western Powers towards China would appear to indicate that British recognition of the new Government in Peking may, after all, be postponed for some months. If this reversal of what appeared to be Mr. Bevin's policy of favouring immediate recognition reflects pressure from the U.S. State Department, it is a deplorable case of subordinating British interests to American prejudices. There are, no doubt, sections in Congress still reluctant to accept the fact that the Kuomintang regime is finished. But surely even these die-hard American anti-Communists can hardly be impressed by Chiang Kai-shek's proclamation from Chungking that the South-West will "fight to the bitter end." Already General Lin Piao's forces are within a hundred miles of Chungking, and other Communist armies have penetrated Kwangsi Province deeply from the South. The preservation of British commercial interests in China depends essentially on the goodwill of Mao Tse-tung's administration. The longer recognition is postponed, the less goodwill there will be on the Communist side, and the greater the chances of the suspicion growing in Peking that the West is irreconcilably hostile. From Britain's point of view the day for recognising the new Chinese Government is now.

Atomic Inspection

With Russia in possession of the atomic bomb, it is stupid to ignore Mr. Vyshinsky's renewed offer of limited inspection. When Gromyko first made it two years ago, it was brusquely rejected. Now things are different; there is something in the U.S.S.R. which the West would like very much to inspect. The arguments for or against the Russian proposal have not changed in the interval, but the emphasis has. The Soviet Union still rejects continuous inspection but invites periodic inspection. It does not want the foreign bailiffs in as lodgers, but would not resent the call of the gas-meter man. Though periodic inspection would not give adequate protection against the diversion of dangerous materials to the secret manufacture of bombs, this line of argument implies deliberate intention to evade. The Russians can legitimately retort that, if nations' intentions are continually suspect, control would be a farce from the start. The truth is that, if Russia were trying to evade control, even continuous inspection would not suffice. The U.S.S.R. is such a vast country that the Control Authority could supervise only the declared operations; they would see only what the Russians were prepared to disclose. And as long as the folly persists of treating the atom bomb as something separate from other weapons of mass-destruction, no outsiders could have, or expect to have, the right of indiscriminate search, extending to the entire military potential of a country. Since it excludes complete international control of all atomic production (because others would dictate the industrial use of atomic energy within the Communist economy) and relies largely on a convention, the Russian offer is still a long way from a comprehensive Atomic Energy Administration, but in the new circumstances it was worth trying. To have accepted it on its face value would have created a new atmosphere in this pitiable affair. To have actual inspection, however limited, would provide a measure of reassurance. And if Russia could provide evidence that, as is claimed, she is using atomic energy for peaceful purposes instead of hoarding it in bomb stock-piles, the whole situation would be greatly eased.

The Italian Colonies

After four years of haggling, the Great Powers have now agreed on a plan for the future of Italy's former African colonies which seems likely to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority in the General Assembly of the United Nations. The idea of United Nations trusteeship, which the U.S.A. at first favoured and then rejected when it received the embarrassing support of the U.S.S.R., has been finally discarded, and the proposals which the Political Committee of the Assembly has adopted represent a somewhat unedifying compromise between the conceptions of independence for the colonial people and division of "interests" between the Powers. The problem of Eritrea is shelved; a fresh Uno commission of inquiry is to report on the wishes of the inhabitants by next June. Somaliland, for the next ten years, is to be administered by Italy under a trusteeship agreement supervised by an advisory council appointed by the United Nations. Libya—that is, Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and the Fezzan—is to become an independent State in two years' time, with a constitution which a Libyan National Assembly is to frame with the assistance of a Uno advisory council. Whether unity in Libya will be achieved remains to be seen. Britain and France have cogent political and strategic interests in favour of autonomy in Cyrenaica and the Fezzan; and the Italians have made no secret of their ambition to secure once more a dominant position in Tripolitania. It seems likely, therefore, that Libya may become a loose federation whose independence is qualified in practice by British, French and Italian "interests."

The Strikers Go Back

The American steelworkers have won their strike. The giant U.S. Steel Corporation, which produces a third of U.S. steel output, capitulated after a six-week struggle. Mr. Murray's Union has beaten the employers, who now agree to pay all employees with 25 years' service non-contributory pensions at 65, to bring their total pension to one hundred dollars a month. The companies and the men will each pay 2½ cents an hour more, to finance a social-insurance scheme. The strike has cost the men about $200 million in lost wages, while more than 9 million tons of steel output were lost. Company spokesmen are now claiming the concessions will increase steel prices by $4 per ton. If, however, the industry continues to operate around seventy per cent. of capacity, it could easily afford this out of its enormous profits, without any price increase. Mr. John L. Lewis has been less fortunate in his dealings with the coal operators, who refused to give way, collectively or, when he tried to make separate contracts, individually. He therefore called the strike off, and sent his miners back until November 30, to work without contracts and without the increased royalties on mined coal he is demanding for his welfare fund. No doubt this decision was prompted by the thought that Mr. Truman might be tempted to take sterner measures against Mr. Lewis, an old foe, than he would take against Mr. Murray, a staunch friend whose claim was backed by the President's own fact-finding board. But, once Philip Murray's steelworkers went back, the way was clear for the President to intervene without creating an anomaly. It is probable, however, that the miners will be on strike again at the end of the month, unless Mr. Lewis can persuade the operators to sign those new contracts.

Secretary Krug Departs

President Truman has accepted the resignation of Mr. Krug, the Secretary of the Interior, and has replaced him, as had long been predicted, by the Under-Secretary, Oscar Chapman. This is an undoubted improvement in the President's Cabinet, and it will give satisfaction to Mr. Truman's liberal supporters. Mr. Chapman did most of the planning for the President's successful campaign trips last November, and stood loyally by Mr. Truman when more eminent Democrats gave only lukewarm backing. Mr. Krug has been a bad Secretary of the Interior. He was prone to turn a blind eye to the alliances between politicians and timber companies in quest of excessive cutting rights on public lands. Though he paid the necessary lip-service to soil conservation and public power developments, no one could call him a crusader for either. His last and most obnoxious decision, which may have finally finished him with the White House, was to support a Bill which would have swindled the Navajo and Hopi Indians under the guise of assisting them. This was pushed through Congress with Krug's endorsement, but was rightly vetoed by the President. Attacking Krug for this Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior, Harold Ickes, said this "cruel and infamous" legislation was "conceived in iniquity," and pointed out that Mr. Truman had previously reprimanded Mr. Krug for his willingness "to serve in order Indian property and rights to grazing Whites, when it was his job to protect them. In Mr. Chapman, the U.S. now has a genuine enthusiast for the Fair Deal programme of public power and reclamation, as well as someone who cares about the Indians.

Rent Control

The succession of Rent Restriction Acts, from their inception in 1915, has created a complex pattern of landlord-tenant relations, in which there are many anomalies. Each Act has been an expedient, and each has been overtaken by changing conditions. It is now extremely difficult either to generalise about rents or to make constructive suggestions for bringing rents into line for comparative properties or with present costs. An effort to do this has just been made in the latest PEP broadsheet (No. 305: *Rent Control Policy*) but the effort serves mainly to emphasise the size of the problem. It is true that the cost of repairs has risen so much that many houses and flats have become uneconomic for the landlord. While landlords should have accumulated a working balance during the war, when repairs were not made or when war damage repairs gave many properties a fresh start, they often did not. In any case, such savings would not last for long. For the moment, unless forced to make repairs by the local authority, landlords can keep repair bills to the minimum: until an ample supply of accommodation is again available, the tenant who is dissatisfied, but has no legal recourse, cannot

simply threaten to move out. But it is undesirable to let the national stock of houses run down too far, for deterioration can become cumulative. Is it fair to reduce the real income of landlords by statutory provision, at a time when rents take a smaller proportion of average income than before? Yet is any decontrol possible, while housing is in short supply, without adding to inflationary pressures and creating real hardship for millions of tenants? It is clearly impossible to satisfy all parties. The PEP broadsheet suggests a new uniform basis for re-assessing all rents, based upon the new valuation for rates under the Local Government Act of 1948. But no decision on these lines is possible for four years or so. In the meantime, unless the *status quo* is to be maintained as a deliberate policy—which may mean fewer current repairs—a slight upward revision may be necessary, perhaps offset by tax allowances or subsidy. But a Labour Government should permit such a change only after the most careful thought, and even then only as an interim measure. New construction is the precondition of a return to a more or less free market.

Taxes, Profits, and Culture

It would be foolish to start an argument about whether *A Streetcar Named Desire* is "partly educational," more educational, for instance, than, say, *Titus Andronicus*, which is reputed to have been written by Shakespeare, or an exhibition of abstract art sponsored by the Arts Council during the war. It could be argued that, contrary to the impression given by tabloid sensationalism, *Streetcar* is a highly moral play; the wages of sin seem to be much the same in New Orleans as in the Paris of Manon Lescaut. Who is to decide that Raskolnikov is to be admitted and Blanche excluded from the category of non-profit productions exempt from entertainment tax? The Customs and Excise is not equipped for making such distinctions. Its duty is to give exemption from tax, once it is satisfied that the company concerned is genuinely non-profit-making and that its general policy is to produce plays which are at least "partly educational." Exemption can be withdrawn if the company is shown by the run of its productions to be violating that rule. The Arts Council does not itself determine whether exemption should be given in particular cases, though it is more likely to be given in cases where a company collaborates with the Arts Council. If a cultural company picks a winner and uses the money to sponsor good, but financially risky, plays, all the better. It is another matter to ask whether dollars should be used to pay for a string of American hits. Hollywood films do go round the country, but, with plays, dollars are being used primarily to support the London theatre, which is unlikely to be seen by the South Wales miner asked to produce more in order to earn dollars.

The Big Three in Paris

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Acheson-Bevin-Schuman talks last week ended in one of the most cryptic communiques ever issued; but the general nature and aims of the discussion are clear. As one paper remarked: "'Integrate Germany into Western Europe' really means 'Make of Germany an ally.'" "And," added the same paper, "it is only a matter of time." But there was no time to lose; if the West was not generous to Germany, Russia would be, and then the last chance of "integrating" Germany in the West would not be lost?

The impression conveyed by French commentators is that Mr. Acheson took the line that the time for half-measures was over, and that the Western Powers must now "integrate" Germany fully. The proposals he made were of a kind to cause some alarm to the French; and M. Schuman, before committing himself finally, had to ask M. Bidault to call a Cabinet meeting. M. Schuman's denials notwithstanding, many people here believe that, in the end, the French agreed to American proposals which must ultimately imply in practice, whatever to-day's overt intentions, raising the limit of West-German steel production from 11½ million tons to 15 or even 16 million tons a year; and that they also agreed to a virtual "suspension" of dismantling. In the case of the great Thyssen steelworks, on whose dismantling the French had originally insisted, a compromise seems to have been reached. In short, what appears to have been achieved at the Big Three meeting was a series of short-term proposals for transmission by the three High Commissioners to the Bonn Government; after that, if Dr. Adenauer's response is favourable enough to satisfy French demands for "security," the Powers will discuss long-term policy in relation to Germany.

That the meeting specifically discussed the inclusion of German divisions in a Western Union defence army has been officially denied: but no secret is made any longer of the willingness in many influential French business quarters to see Germany rearm. The Conservative press, as distinct from the supporters of General de Gaulle, is beginning to argue, quite openly, that, in the cause of Western Union, such rearmament is not only inevitable but desirable; for, if the Germans are not armed by the West, they will be armed by the East. Why this last point is taken for granted is not entirely clear. But a strenuous effort is made to argue that "the Franco-German quarrel is a mere village-pump quarrel, compared with the wider issues existing in the world to-day." The idea that, in agreement with Russia, it might still be possible to neutralise Germany is scarcely mentioned any more.

Instead, there is the strongest desire, on the part of French Right-wing and, partly, Government circles to bring about something closely resembling a Franco-German political and economic alliance, with France assuming the role of the leading Continental power. Where, one may ask, does Britain come in? On this point the French Government seems to be divided into two schools of thought. On the one hand, there are those who hold that European Union would be "preferable" with Britain forming part of it, but that it could manage without Britain "if the latter is too tied up with her Commonwealth and can give only a minimum of attention to Europe." On the other hand, there are those who consider European Union without Britain almost impracticable if only because the danger of German dumping in Western Europe would be too great in the absence of any outlet for German goods to Africa and other British-controlled territories. Even so, the keynote of the greater part of French comment to-day is: "Let's not be frightened of the Germans."

Parallel with the Big Three meeting, talks for a new Franco-German trade agreement have begun between Herr Erhard, German Minister of Economic Affairs, and M. Petsche, the French Finance Minister. The French Right-wing press says very little about the idea of the French investing in Germany large sums borrowed from America. The idea may still be too nebulous to be described as a "plan." The Left-wing press, however, says a good deal about it, and also gives prominence to Herr Schumacher's remarks to the effect that what is happening is not a real Franco-German *rapprochement* but merely a Franco-German gang-up in search of dividends.

PARLIAMENT: Minding Our Business

Wednesday.

At eye level with the Minister of Fuel and Power, lately his chief, Sir Charles Reid in the Strangers' Box below the Gallery heard himself described as a Tory adviser and less than an expert business organiser. Reid looked interested but unconcerned. After all, he was a mining engineer; and to his technical distinction Robens, the Parliamentary Secretary, paid an unqualified tribute. But Henderson Stewart, the National Liberal Member for East Fife, whose speeches are normally an exercise in fence-sitting, felt obliged to make a rancorous attack on Gaitskell against the imputation (which no one had made) that Reid was a discarded hireling. "Sir Charles Reid is a Fifer," he said defiantly to his interruptors; which, of course, settled the matter.

Gaitskell, in his impressive analysis of the Coal Board's report, quoted with approval the suggestion of the *Financial Times* that the debate should have the nature of the "old shareholders' meeting." Hudson's response was to act the part of a trouble-maker of the Amalgamated and Mutual Share-protectors' Federation. Instead of offering the constructive help which, later on, his colleague Raikes was to give, he leaned on the despatch-box, and delivered a long carp. He even blamed the Coal Board's export success on a hot summer and a mild winter. But it was as well that the House didn't take too seriously Gaitskell's shareholders' meeting suggestion. Had it attempted to recreate the inert apathy of the mass of shareholders, or if Gaitskell himself had gone further in reproducing a Chairman's smugness, the debate would have disappointed the hope that nationalised industries will receive a critical scrutiny by Parliament.

In the past, Coal Debates, like Scottish Debates, have been traditionally reserved for those in the industry. For any stranger to take part has usually been considered a mixture of arrogance, immodesty and bad form. On this occasion, now that the coal industry is, as one Member put it, "everybody's business," there was a handful of speakers like Vane and Pickthorn, outside the industry, who ventured to intrude. The miners in the House were generous. They tolerated and indeed encouraged those who were anxious to help. But they grudged the fact that Jimmy Glanville, a miner who had worked in the pit till he was elected to the House, wasn't called in the debate, while Pickthorn had an extended opportunity of embroidering his theme that he had no expert knowledge of coal and that miners, among others, should do a pound's worth of work for a pound.

To this sour lecture, Margaret Herbison, who lives and works among miners, replied gently that that was what the N.C.B. was getting. Under the coal-owners, it used to be a pound's worth of work for five bob in pay. Alfred Robens was not so forebearing as Miss Herbison when he came to answer Pickthorn. The Senior Burgess for Cambridge University is fond of kicking Parliamentary shins, and adding, "I'm so sorry." Thus he said to Robens that he'd *almost* slipped into calling him the Minister's zany. (*Zany*: a mountebank's comic assistant; a merry andrew, jack-pudding). He then apologised, and called him his "mate." Now "zany" isn't an unparliamentary word. Walpole had used it before of "Pitt's zany Bickford." But Pickthorn isn't Walpole; nor is Robens as mild a man as Bickford.

Robens plunged trouncing into his reply. He described Pickthorn as the case against University representation. The Tories tried to jeer him down, but Robens has an ample voice. Disposing of the Opposition's arguments with great despatch and with the benevolent attention of Herbert Morrison at his side, he was talking of the Minister's Porthcawl speech to the miners when a Tory shouted, "He wept." Since the slowly-coursing tears of the Tory Leader are an annual feature of his ovation at the Party Conference, it ill becomes a Tory to sneer. Yet private tears are not a matter of public discussion; and if Robens had been put off his stride by the interruption, it would have been understandable. But not Robens. Like a fighter enraged by a blow beneath the belt, he merely hit harder and more angrily. The shareholders' meeting ended with bloody noses.

MAURICE EDELMAN

CANADA'S DOLLAR GAP

In recent weeks, the Canadian press has been full of the story that Anglo-Canadian relations are being jeopardised by Left-wing Socialist pressure to force Canada back into the sterling area. Speeches and articles by back-benchers and editorial comment in these columns, as well as those of *Tribune*, have been prominently quoted and vehemently denounced all over Canada. More surprising, one or two British newspapers, in particular the *Manchester Guardian*, have rushed forward to support the Canadian attitude and to argue that anyone who points out the size of the Canadian dollar gap is merely finding a scapegoat for the sins of British Socialism.

The very violence of this reaction to what, after all, were statements of indisputable fact, indicates clearly enough the stresses to which Anglo-Canadian relations will be submitted when the wheat contract comes up for re-negotiation next summer. If either the Canadian press or the *Manchester Guardian* imagines that the British Government will agree to continue to pay the whole price in dollars for Canadian wheat, they are living in cloud-cuckoo land. No pressure from Left-wing Socialists is necessary to make Sir Stafford realise that he cannot do so, for the simple reason that he has not the dollars.

Already, before the war, when currencies were neither hard nor soft, Canada obtained most of her imports from America and sent most of her exports to Great Britain. This caused no particular difficulty. But now that the sterling area is fighting for survival, the fact that Britain's main supplier of wheat is a dollar country, with a dollar gap last year of $488,000,000, has become one of the main obstacles in the way of British recovery. To say this, is not to blame the Canadians for permitting their economy to become dependent on American goods or to forget the dimensions of their assistance to the mother country both during and after the war. It is merely to state one obvious facet of the unbalance between America and the rest of the world, which has been concealed but not removed by Marshall Aid. Today Britain can only continue to accept Canadian wheat because the U.S.A. is buying it for us; and we cannot base our future trade relations with Canada upon the expectation of endless American charity. We must reduce our dollar gap, however painful the process—and so, we too easily forget, must the Canadians.

But here is the difficulty. Most Canadians assume—and their view apparently is shared by the *Manchester Guardian*—that Canada need not share in the painful aspects of the solution. Britain, they argue, must earn sufficient dollars to pay not only for her American imports but for those from Canada as well—wheat and other foodstuffs, as well as timber, pulp and nickel. Attempts to economise, by cutting down imports of Canadian products, and suggestions that Canada should accept at least part-payment in sterling are ascribed to Socialist malevolence. The argument is then clinched by the threat that, if Britain tries to "export her crisis," Canada may have to leave the Commonwealth or at least sell her produce elsewhere.

This rhetoric gets us nowhere. Wheat is a surplus commodity in the dollar area; and it was only after a struggle with the farm block that the American Administration was able this year to grant the concession that Marshall Aid should be used in payment for Canadian wheat. If there has to be tough bargaining next summer, Canada's position will not be strong, since it would be possible for the Minister of Food to find other sources of supply for part at least of his present Canadian requirements. Objectively, it would be far easier to switch our wheat imports away from Canada than to divert our purchases of cotton, tobacco, films and chemicals from the U.S.A.

The real danger today is that the Canadians will be led to assume that Britain, apart from a few Socialist extremists, is eager to renew the contract on its present dollar terms. Such a liability is beyond the capacity of any Government, whatever its politics, and to pretend otherwise is to do a grave disservice to Canadian farmers. Other members of the Commonwealth —particularly Australia and New Zealand—have taken their full share of the cuts and restrictions necessary to tackle the dollar gap, as well as making far larger contributions than Canada to Imperial Defence. They, as well as Britain, are bound to remind the Canadians of this fact, and to point out that, if Canada compels commercial relations to be conducted on a strictly business basis and without any sentimental ties, Britain might not be the chief loser.

PHANTOM EMPEROR

On the 26th of August, 1945, a young man in his early thirties, dressed in unceremonious flannels, read out a message to a large audience of Vietnamese. He was Bao Dai, Emperor of Annam, announcing his abdication. After confessing that he found it difficult to avoid a certain regret in looking back on his twenty-year-old reign, he declared himself willing to make all sacrifices and called upon all parties and groups, all classes of society as well as the Royal Family, to strengthen and support unreservedly the new Republic of Viet-Nam. He then formally abdicated, assuming, as he said, the status of a free citizen in an independent country. He became a national hero for the first time in his life. Under French rule, his pleasures and pastimes had been extravagant, even for an Emperor. In March, 1945, he had become head of an "independent" Vietnamese Government established by the Japanese.

His abdication was unexpected and dramatic, as well as highly realistic. When, a few days later, the League for the Independence of the Republic of Viet-Nam declared the end of French rule, President Ho Chi Minh appointed Bao Dai to be his Supreme Adviser. Meanwhile the Allied Supreme Command was making plans for the occupation of Viet-Nam, dividing it into two zones, north and south of the 16th parallel. The Chinese were assigned to the northern, and the British to the southern, area. In the north, the situation remained quiet. In the south, the return of the French troops with British support led to disturbances in which British support was given to the French, who wanted to reoccupy the country and end the Viet-Nam Republic. In October, Mr. Bevin concluded a pact with the French Ambassador in London, M. Rene Massigli, by the terms of which the southern area was handed back to French control—an act which naturally caused a good deal of bitterness and the suspicion that the spirit of imperialism had not died out in this country. There is plenty of evidence to show that the French had no chance whatever of regaining power in Viet-Nam, and eye witnesses, both Vietnamese and French, have described the popular enthusiasm for the Republican Government and the chaos which the arrival of French troops created in Saigon.

More than four years have passed since that unceremonious abdication; the French have still not regained control. Yet when this week it is announced that Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is visiting Saigon and that he will see the ex-Emperor, it is in no way suprising if President Ho Chi Minh and his Government, supported by the great majority of the people of Viet-Nam, think back to the earlier British visitors, and assume that once again a British Labour Government is preparing to help the French to re-establish an unpopular and reactionary rule, and trying to bestow dignity, if not authority, on the playboy Bao Dai, a phantom emperor and a French puppet. Mr. MacDonald's visit will have far-reaching repercussions throughout Asia; it is likely to lose for this country much of the prestige that British policy won by its generous realism in India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon.

Governments in Asia which are still friendly to Britain, and not, like Mr. Bevin, subject to French pressure, will certainly not regard Bao Dai as an ally. Pandit Nehru, quoting a document sent by his own Vice-Consul in Saigon, made this very clear last week. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin would be wise to heed this warning. In the opinion of this "man on the spot," it would take "two to three decades" and "500,000 troops or more" to reconquer the territory now under Vietnamese control. The French have at their disposal 120,000 mercenaries, ex-convicts, ex-Nazis, young French conscripts and colonial troops with no heart in the war. This Indian Consul saw, as anyone who has studied Indo-China for the past three years has seen, that the problem cannot be solved by military means. The French have lost their political, economic and military struggle in Viet-Nam. President Ho Chi Minh and his Coalition Government represent 90 per cent. of the people, control 80 per cent. of the country. His administration functions effectively throughout the countryside; even in the bigger towns and other strategic areas, where the French have nominal control, Vietnamese guerillas are a constant threat, especially to communications. The economy of the country is a almost at a standstill—Indo-China's pre-war average of rice exports of 1,500,000 tons were down to 100,000 tons last year. Coal exports went down from 700,000 tons to 70,000 tons and rubber from 70,000 to about 40,000 tons.

French opinion is increasingly conscious of the appalling waste of human lives, both French and Vietnamese. The return of the wounded and the dead cannot be hidden. M. Coste-Floret, Minister for Overseas France, told the French Assembly last March that 14,128 soldiers had died in Indo-China between September 23rd, 1945, and December 31st, 1948. Further, the drain on French economy is estimated at a million dollars a day. The French appreciate the irony of the fact that this is not far short of Marshall aid to France. French Socialists have already acknowledged that the only man in Viet-Nam who has popular support is President Ho Chi Minh, whilst Left-wing Socialist papers such as *Combat* and *Franc-Tireur* have consistently opposed the war, urged the withdrawal of French troops, and advocated an agreement with the Vietnamese Government along the lines of the British agreement with India.

Any concessions the French Government has made have been too little or too late. In March, 1946, it recognised Viet-Nam as a "Free State, with its own Government, Parliament, Army and Treasury, forming part of the Indo-Chinese Federation and the French Union." It promised to accept the verdict of a referendum on the question of Cochin China, which had proved a stumbling block in the negotiations. But no referendum took place. A conference in Dalat in June of the same year only served to bring to light the wide differences between the two sides, not only on Cochin China, but on the question of the status of Viet-Nam in the French Union, and the right of Viet-Nam to have its own foreign representatives. In the middle of September,

after two months' negotiation at Fontainebleau, President Ho Chi Minh signed a *modus vivendi*; with the French Colonial Minister, M. Moutet. The agreement was confined to economic and cultural questions, and the immediate problems of public order. Hostilities were to cease, but Viet-Nam's political status was left undetermined. Before the final agreement could be made—by January, 1947—fighting broke out between French and Vietnamese troops in Tongking. Since then the French have made no attempt to negotiate with Ho Chi Minh's Government. They have fought two losing battles, one with the Vietnamese guerillas, the other with their political puppets; one of them, Thinh, committed suicide, the other, General Nguyen Van Xuan, is regarded with universal contempt as no more than a puppet. They are unlikely to have better luck with Bao Dai, even if Britain and America offer them support in the hope of creating in Indo-China a bulwark against Chinese Communism. It is not a promising proposition, especially at a time when the highly nationalistic peoples of Asia are chiefly impressed by the spectacular effect of American intervention in China in demoting Chiang Kai-shek from the President of China to the status of a brigadier in Formosa.

As for Bao Dai, now living in the palace of the former French Governor of Cochin China, surrounded by French guards, his ex-subjects ceased to have any respect for him long ago. Whilst they rallied round President Ho Chi Minh in their struggle for independence, Bao Dai squandered his time and their money in the night clubs of Hong Kong and the casinos of the Riviera. At first he used to speak warmly of President Ho Chi Minh, of the part he played in the Resistance Movement and of his own loyalty to Vietnamese independence. But in the autumn of 1947, when other puppets had collapsed, the French proposed to him that he should return to Viet-Nam. They pressed their propositions upon him wherever he tried to enjoy himself—in Geneva, in Paris, in Hong Kong and then back again in Cannes and in Paris. Bao Dai declared that he would not return so long as the issue of Cochin China remained unsettled by the French Parliament. Finally, on March 8th, 1949, Bao Dai, in an exchange of letters with President Auriol, made terms with the French and, in April, returned to the land of his fathers, over which President Ho Chi Minh now rules. He was not even welcomed by former mandarins who were related to him; one of the most distinguished of them, Prince Ung Uy, left the palace at Hue and joined the guerillas with other members of his family. They were not the only former mandarins to be welcomed by the Resistance Committee. The Overseas Representative of the Council of the former Royal Family of Viet-Nam issued a statement dissociating it from Bao Dai and urging the French Government, "if it wishes to safeguard French influence in Viet-Nam, to approach the National Government of President Ho, in the search for a peace settlement on the basis of justice and fraternity."

At the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Paris the French seem to have sought British and American support to pull the Vietnamese chestnuts out of the fire. Bao Dai, victim of his own stupidity, has no love for the French, though in the end he has consented to play their game. He recently addressed a Memorandum to American Congressmen visiting Saigon, asking that they should put forward the kind of policy they had supported in Indonesia. He will probably address the same demand to Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. Such a policy, however, could only have any meaning if it had the support of President Ho Chi Minh, and if the French were prepared to withdraw their troops from the country. If Britain and America wish to make a constructive contribution to a peaceful settlement in Viet-Nam, they must first of all use their influence in Paris.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

A LONDON DIARY

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS and Mr. Bevan must be sorely tempted to say "I told you so." Everything which has happened since the recall of Parliament—including this week's decision to compromise with the Lords on the Steel Bill—has confirmed their arguments in favour of an election before Christmas. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison were altogether too tidy-minded in their calculations. Apparently they believed that, in spite of devaluation, they could carry on as before with their Parliamentary programme, using the Parliament Act next February in order to celebrate the Party Jubilee by passing the Steel Bill in defiance of the House of Lords. Then would come a Budget, reflecting the buoyant success of our export drive and a bout of local elections as the dress rehearsal for the delights of General Election, fought in the long daylight hours of sunny June. Unfortunately, this timetable took no account of the fact that, if in the fifth year of any Parliament a Cabinet's authority wanes, this is even more true in the case of a Socialist Government up against both the opposition of big business and the natural desire of the trade unions to reinsure against a Tory victory. The public rebuff to the Prime Minister at the Lord Mayor's Banquet and the private parleyings with the T.U.C. make this obvious enough. If the Prime Minister was determined to stay the full course, he should at least have introduced a swingeing Autumn Budget. This would have shown the people that Labour really had a plan for exploiting devaluation and might even have impressed the business community. By refusing to concede either an early election or an Autumn Budget, Mr. Attlee lost the initiative. He has not exploited the crisis by a quick appeal to the country nor has he regained his authority; and he must now face the election on an ebb tide.

* * *

What are the chances, after all this, of an election in March? One can assume that Members of Parliament, especially those who sit for agricultural constituencies and have been experiencing the first winter fog, will like nothing less. It can, of course, be argued by the optimist that icy roads would be more of an obstacle to car-borne Tories than to pedestrian Socialists. But most Members are still convinced that, in Parliamentary elections, Labour does better on a high total poll: Tory successes at local elections since the war with a 45 per cent. to 50 per cent. poll can be reversed if 70 per cent. or 80 per cent. turn out to vote. But an election in winter, when national morale is always at its lowest, is likely to produce a heavy crop of abstainers. I would guess, therefore, that, if it is humanly possible to do so, the Prime Minister will still try to stick to his first intention of a summer election. The importance of the Steel Bill compromise is that he now realises—apparently for the first time—that he may not be able to do so. The behaviour of the gilt-edged market and the new rate of $2.35 for the pound in New York indicate clearly enough that politicians are not the only people who have a hand in selecting election dates.

* * *

I am by no means sure that the appointment of Marshal Rokossovsky as Commander of the Polish forces will be as unpopular with the Poles as our press generally assumes. Dual citizenship is not at all uncommon in Soviet Europe; it fits in well enough with Communist theory, and Rokossovsky is, after all, Polish by birth as well as famous for having personally liberated Warsaw. Soviet propaganda will say less about the stories of Russian responsibility for the tragic story of the Warsaw rising in the spring of 1944. The truth is more complicated and less devilish than is usually suggested. The real charge against the Russians—and it is a very serious one—is that they handicapped Allied efforts to help Warsaw by refusing to allow our planes to land in Soviet territory. The degree of their responsibility for the rising and its suppression is by no means so clear. In general, the Allies were cautious about calling for the forces of Resistance to rise. Some put this down to fear that the Resistance forces would liberate their own countries without Allied help, and others to the fear that, if they rose prematurely, they would be uselessly sacrificed. However that may be, there is no doubt that the Russians were reckless in calling on the Poles and other Resistance bodies to rise, whether Allied Armies were able to aid them or not. In the case of Warsaw the Russians were urging the Poles to rise but the actual instructions which immediately led to the rising came, I think, from General Anders in London. The second disputed point is whether the Russians deliberately held their troops outside Warsaw while the Poles were massacred. I have seen this stated as an undoubted fact in a responsible paper in the last few days. I believe the truth to be that when the Russian armies were approaching Warsaw, both they and the Poles assumed that the final conquest of the city would be easy, whereas in fact the Germans were able to bring heavy forces from the West which inflicted a very severe defeat on the Russians just outside Warsaw. Moscow, as I well remember at the time, refused to admit this defeat and therefore earned the reputation of having betrayed the Polish resistance movement. They tried to throw all the blame on the West, redoubling the violence of their abuse because the Second Front was still delayed.

* * *

It is particularly odd that intelligent British Communists should not see that, if Gomulka and Kostov cannot work with the Cominform, they are unlikely to be able to do so. People like Professor Bernal, with his Western mind and Irish independence, cannot possibly be trusted by the Cominform, while Professor J. B. S. Haldane has, I presume, already hanged himself by his declaration about the Lysenko controversy in the *Modern Quarterly*. He committed the brave heresy of saying that he had learnt from Marx to stand by his fellow workers. As for Mr. Zilliacus, he is—something that nobody would have prophesied—not only thrown out of the Labour Party but also outlawed by the fellow-travellers. The split amongst the Communists must be intensified by the row in the British-Yugoslav Society. Zilliacus seems to hold, as any sensible person must, that a British-Yugoslav Society should seek good relations between Britain and Yugoslavia. This obviously means that the Stalinists, who dominated it in 1945, must give way in 1949 to the critics of Stalin. Zilliacus's Penguin Special, *I Chose Peace*, is, of course, like everything else he writes, far too long, because he cannot bear to leave out any quotable evidence. Someone the other day asked whether Zilliacus was erudite or merely had a good filing system. The answer surely is that erudition is the possession of a filing system plus a good mental index. What his book does show is that Zilliacus has been throughout a genuine international Socialist trying to interpret Marxism as it should be interpreted by a member of the British Labour Party. His weakness has been naively to assume, long after the evidence had shown it to be wrong, that Moscow still desired to co-operate with Western Socialists who interpreted Marx to suit their own conditions.

Zilliacus quotes a passage written by Lenin fifty years ago which was repeated by Stalin in 1947:—

> We do not at all regard Marx's theory as something finished and infallible; on the contrary, we are convinced that he merely laid the foundation stones of the science on which Socialists must build further in all directions unless they want to be left behind by life. We think it is particularly necessary for Russian Socialists to work out the application of Marx's theory independently, for this theory merely gives certain broad general indications which will be worked out in Britain differently from France, in France differently from Germany, and in Germany differently from Russia.

* * *

I congratulate the 1951 Exhibition Committee on their ingenious solution of the problem of the Shot Tower. I am sorry they rejected my suggestion of making round it a helter-skelter chute by which adventurous swimmers would be neatly deposited into the river Thames. Many other more practical, if less ingenious, suggestions had to be rejected because, I understand, the tower is not structurally strong enough to bear the weight of a lift. The notion of getting Messrs. Chance, who provided the glass for the Crystal Palace in 1851, to put up one of their lighthouse lanterns on top of the tower and of then superimposing a "radar telescope," is really a fine imaginative conception. Elsewhere in the Exhibition, I'm told, you will be able to send messages by the radar telescope to—Mars, the moon? I do not know. But you will get some sort of message back because your own will hit some object in the stratosphere. You will hear the gods playing marbles with meteors, or overhear the Martians planning a war against the world. Anyway, if you do not hear these things, you will be able to imagine you do; all sorts of strange noises will come back to you. We shall all leave the Exhibition by one of the five exits, clutching to our bosoms celestial telegrams. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The way a man talks, where he lives, his work, the clothes he wears, and his income are no longer the hallmarks of his class.

Where, then, do we draw the line?—Letter in the *Sunday Express*. (M. R. Gershon)

In St. Paul's Church, Kingston Hill, Surrey, yesterday, footballers' shirts were draped on the pews, corner posts and flags stood in the aisle and miniature goalposts hung on the walls for a footballers' service.

The Vicar, Canon A. Wellesley Orr, opened his sermon with short blasts on a referee's whistle.—*Daily Mail*. (J. A. Smith.)

Traveller who has to cover his ground by train needs one or two large Coffins to take evening dresses, must be strong and able to lock.—Advt. in Nottingham *Evening News*. (C. M. Lifetree.)

Mr. John Dewes, Conservative chairman of Runcorn Division, told the Young Conservatives on Monday: "If a man has a tidy front garden, nine times out of 10 he is a Conservative."—Warrington *Guardian*. (M. M. Coles.)

Two men who had led double lives—outwardly respectable, while they were acquiring practically £400 in cash in nine weeks of housebreaking—were sent down to the cells, at Blackpool Quarter Sessions, to-day . . . Counsel suggested that they had suffered considerably already through the disgrace. F——, for instance, was a member of a golf club with a handicap of six, and was now socially disgraced and financially ruined.—*Lancashire Evening Post*. (G. Casson.)

ALERT!

"There is urgency but no reason for panic." Mr. Chuter Ede, November 15th.

Citizens, man the Defences' Fourth Arm!
Citizens, join the civilian corps!
There is no reason for panic alarm,
Whitehall prepares for a new atom war.

Patriot Britons may now volunteer!
(Constable, warden and stirrup-pump team)
Atom precautions end atom-bomb fear,
Science and discipline govern the scheme.

Practical, tactical fire-fighting drill!
(Officers, personnel, Joint Planning Staff)
Units will capture the old wartime thrill!
(Water on! water off! make up! knock off!)

Paper defence against atom attack,
Leadership, comradeship, bracing routine;
Let the old spirit of Dunkirk come back,
Lost or mislaid in the flat years between!

War may arrive in a mushroom-shaped cloud
(Fire-reconnaissance, bucket and hose)
Trained shelter leaders to marshal the crowd . . .
When atom projectiles are launched by our foes.

Whence comes aggression? recruits may surmise,
Who next will break international laws?
Who are our enemies? Who our allies?
Whom will we fight? And in what common cause?

German aggressiveness Germans detest . . .
Germans to peaceful production revert . . .
Germans take hands with the peace-loving West . . .
Why does the Home Office sound the alert?

SAGITTARIUS

FREE ENTERPRISE IN ITALY

THE practical relation of "Big Business" to the growth and exercise of Fascism remains a field for the historian. We know a good deal about the subject in its bearing on Germany. About the bribes and retainers paid by Stinnes, Hugenberg, Thyssen and the rest, and the use put to this money by the Nazis, we know more than enough to be sure at least that German Fascism was a function, however complex and perverse, of monopolist concentration. About the political behaviour of Italian monopolist capital, by contrast, much less is known; nor has much been written. There is even a suspicion that the term, applied to Italy, is prejudiced jargon aimed at decent private enterprise. After all, the *Confindustria*—Italy's F.B.I.—will tell you that as much as 60 per cent of Italian heavy industry is controlled more or less directly by the State. What does that leave to "monopolist capital?" Setting aside the very open question of what "State-controlled" under De Gasperi and the Christian Democrats may really mean, the answer would seem to be that it leaves the lion's share—in quality and size alike.

Throughout a significant area of Italian industry—and especially in textiles, engineering, chemicals, electric power, and cement—there properly exists no "free enterprise." These industries are effectively dominated by a remarkably small number of people bound together in a tightening concentration of stocks and shares. This is now demonstrated conclusively by a number of studies undertaken at the behest of the Coalition Government in the flush of democratic activity which followed the end of the war. Reports made to the Constituent Assembly by an official Commission of Inquiry, and since supplemented by the findings of the C.G.I.L. investigation (*La Struttura dei Monopoli Industriali in Italia*) reveal an extraordinary degree of concentration. What Roosevelt told the American people in his message of April, 1938—that "among us to-day a concentration of private power without equal in history is growing"—could apparently be said with equal truth about Italy.

At the end of 1945, the Commission established, the total share capital of Italy amounted to about 71 milliard lire; and, of this, about half was directly controlled by private Italian interests. Nearly 75 per cent of this "private capital" was found to be controlled by interests which could not reasonably be called anything but monopolist. Thus 7.63 of the shareholders in privately-controlled industry held 78.8 per cent of the shares. At the other end of the scale, 73.31 of the shareholders held 5.9 per cent of the shares.

Electric power is produced by four huge companies (Edison, Adriatica, Centrale, and Strade Ferrate Meridionali) whose capital amounts to about 11,000 million lire, while 34 smaller companies operate with a total capital of less than 213 millions. The Edison concern, which was founded in 1884, controls to-day no fewer than 69 subsidiaries. Of their aggregate share capital, the directors who form the parent Edison Board hold between them about 23 per cent, or enough to give them effective control of policy. The Adriatica has 27 subsidiaries, the Centrale 18, and the Strade Ferrate Meridionali 23; and in each of these the Board controls about a quarter of the entire capital. These four giant holdings are linked together by a system of inter-locking directorates, of which ten individuals, men like Motta, Pirelli, and Beneduce, were in 1947 the principal beneficiaries. In 1942, the latest date for which the Commission gave figures, as much as 17.8 per cent of all Italian share capital was invested in electric power.

In much the same way, the chemical industry, which comprised 8.1 per cent of the country's share capital in 1945, is overshadowed by the Montecatini complex, which produces the bulk of 147 different Italian chemical products, and had long before the war built up an imposing system of interests abroad. Here, once again, the big shareholders have enough shares—about 20 per cent—to assure themselves effective control. A survey of attendance at annual general meetings of Montecatini since 1939 shows that there were never as many as one hundredth of the shareholders present, but that this tiny group controlled between them about a third of the share capital. Thus the argument that no monopolist control exists, since shareholdings are widely distributed, will not hold water. The Edison concern, for instance, has more than 81,000 shareholders; but the effective control is none the less retained by a handful of big investors.

The production of artificial silk is similarly dominated by six big companies. Of these, Snia Viscosa—in which Courtaulds and other foreign interests have a controlling interest—accounted for about 74 per cent of the total output. In 1946, Snia Viscosa had 7,500 shareholders. But of these shareholders 99.75 per cent held 50.8 per cent of the shares, while 0.25 per cent held 49.2 per cent of the shares. Cement offers another startling case. The official Commission found that 80 per cent of total output was controlled by two groups—the Italcementi, with 36 factories producing 60 per cent, and the Marchino (Fiat interests), 20 per cent. In Italcementi 30.9 per cent of the capital is managed by a syndicate representing 201 shareholders, and this syndicate is regularly supported by the largest shareholder, the Strade Ferrate Meridionali (electric power), with 13.1

per cent of the shares. Another 3,240 shareholders have 30.3 per cent between them. Effective control, once more, is monopolised by a relatively tiny group.

Yet these concentrations are not, even so, the most imposing. Pride of place must be given to the Fiat and Pirelli groups. Until his death some years ago, the controlling capital of the Fiat concern and its many ramifications stood in the name of one man, Giovanni Agnelli. In 1947, this holding was found to have passed to twelve people, mainly of Agnelli's family; later still, though here we are in the field of rumour, certain Americans are said to have wormed their way into this prosperous, and jealously guarded family business. A glance at the 135 companies controlled by the Agnelli interests—through their Instituto Finanziario Industriale—shows a remarkable range of manufacture from cement to vermouth. Largest of all, of course, is the Fiat motor works. Now, the inwardness of this monopoly is not simply that Fiat—leaving all the other interests aside—has, in the past, contributed 80 per cent of Italian motor car production, and bids fair now to produce all of it. In a modern capitalist economy, it might be argued, this is no loss because it makes for efficiency. Of course it does. But it makes also, as the figures show, for the stifling of this particular branch of Italian industry. While Fiat prospers, its rivals—Lancia (Caproni holdings), Isotta-Fraschini, Alfa-Romeo—languish and die for want of capital. Fiat, concentrating on private cars no matter what the real needs of the Italian economy may be, has the field practically to itself. Although Italy greatly needs more road transport, the figure for lorries has fallen drastically since 1947, while that for private cars has moved sharply upward.

Pirelli, manufacturing rubber, contributes about 60 per cent of Italian output; the Italian Michelin adds about 20 per cent; while another 130 companies supply the rest. The figures for insulated wire and similar products give Pirelli about 50 per cent of national production. In 1946, the Pirelli family held 24.9 per cent of the capital, while 40 other individuals had another 15.7 per cent. But the Pirelli concern is peculiar in Italy for its extensive foreign ramifications, due partly to the fact that much of its holding was, with careful foresight, removed to Switzerland in 1939. Like other Italian monopolies, Pirelli benefited consistently from a "corporate State" which gave the control of industry more or less directly to the biggest shareholders. These, in the case of Pirelli, now rank as Swiss.

Among lesser giants of Italian industry, there exists one with a rather special nature. Until a comparatively recent date, the Vatican appears to have invested its reserves largely, if not exclusively, in real estate—in the upkeep and improvement of its consecrated buildings, its monasteries, and its schools, and, when money was available, in the purchase of commercial and residential property. This modesty is now discarded. Information published by Zerini, Radar and others in *Critica Economica*, a serious periodical issued by the "Centro Economico per la Ricostruzione," shows that the Vatican has now become an industrial investor on a big scale. It is said, for instance, that the Vatican now has 38 per cent of the capital of the Società Meridionale di Elettricità, 24 per cent of that of the Società Torinese Esercizi Telefonici, 38 per cent of that of the Società Nazionale Applicazione Viscosa, a branch of the "Snia" artificial silk business at Milan, 9 per cent of the "Finsider" steel group, 5 per cent of the Fiat shares, and much Ise of the same order.

More evidence could be adduced to illustrate monopolist control of Italian industry. But this is enough, perhaps, to show that monopolies are real enough in Italy, and to suggest that they operate influentially upon economic policy. Exactly what part such interests played in promoting and supporting Mussolini will not be fully understood until the archives of the last 25 years are opened to the light of day. What is more important is to inquire what part these interests, stronger than ever they were, are playing to-day. For the time being, it seems, they are satisfied with the "parliamentary dictatorship" of the Christian Democrats. But if that fails?

BASIL DAVIDSON

SO THEY SAY . . .

THE Cabinet's decision to postpone the operation of the Steel Bill was reported by the press this week (November 15) with a variety of accompanying "reasons." The *Manchester Guardian* and the *News Chronicle* were the only two papers to impute any genuinely honest motives to the Government:

Manchester Guardian:—

> The Government . . . will show itself to have been reasonable, and indeed exemplary, in seeking, for the second time, the endorsement of the electorate for this policy.

News Chronicle:—

> The wisdom of second thoughts has prevailed . . . it is right that [this project] should be placed before the public as it will be at the election. The Government's decision may well be good party tactics. It is also good national strategy. It was the democratic thing to do.

The *Daily Mail* had no doubt that it was "party tactics":—

> Mr. Herbert Morrison has organised the Government concession . . . so that the decks can be cleared for the election. There is no doubt that the Government are deliberately staging a "climb down" . . .

The *Mail* also scooped its Right-wing contemporaries over the Tory reaction to the news. While the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Express*, and the *Daily Graphic* all gave February or March as the expected date of the election, the *Daily Mail* stated unequivocally that "Lord Woolton has issued instructions to all Conservative candidates to be prepared for a January general election . . ."

The *Daily Telegraph* was, for its part, unwilling to grant the Government any free-will:—

> CABINET YIELDS ON STEEL DATE
>
> Though the arrangement will be presented to the Parliamentary Labour Party . . . as a compromise, it is in fact a victory for the Marquess of Salisbury and the Opposition in the House of Lords.

The *Telegraph* then went on, however, to say that "the Steel Bill arrangement is a tactical triumph for Mr. Morrison," and further complicated the picture by adding that the "reason for the Government's decision is mainly economic."

The *Daily Herald* found a convenient formula of its own:—

> NEW DATES FOR STEEL
>
> The Cabinet yesterday discussed plans for an *early passage* of the Iron and Steel Bill . . . (my italics).

The *Herald* then stated that the main reason for the "accommodation with the House of Lords" was that delays in the Lords had made it "impossible to put the measure into effect from May 1 next, as the Bill provides." Actually, of course, using the new Parliament Bill, passed the previous day, the Steel Bill could, as the *Daily Express* observed, "be forced through some time in February."

The *Herald* also stated prominently that the Tories had begun "a fresh campaign of speculation about the date of the General Election," when in fact the only official hint was the warning given to Labour candidates by their Party's chief agent (printed that same day in several papers, but not the *Herald*) to be ready for an election "in the early part of the New Year."

The *Daily Worker* had the Cabinet "succumbing to the combined pressure of big business and Marshall Plan chiefs," while the *Daily Express* could not resist an editorial reminder to its readers:—

> If the Socialists rush an election now, after saying they would go their full term, they do so for party reasons, not in the interests of the country.
>
> Let us hope the *Express's* readers did not remember its disappointment when Mr. Attlee announced that the Government would *not* "rush" an early election:—
>
> *Daily Express, October 14*:—
>
> A bad, bad decision. It condemns the country to an undefined period of electioneering. An argument . . . is to drag on . . . In this decision [there is] no wise regard for the future of Britain . . .

AUTOLYCUS

MARKETING U.S. SURPLUSES

DISCLAIMING any connection with the World Food Board originally proposed by Lord Boyd-Orr, Mr. Dodd, who succeeded Boyd-Orr as Director-General of F.A.O., is putting before the F.A.O. General Conference next week a five billion dollar scheme for an International Commodity Clearing-House. The disclaimer is interesting because Dodd, as the leader of the American delegation at the Copenhagen Conference in 1946, wholeheartedly endorsed Boyd-Orr's plan and then, a few weeks later, disowned it at the behest of the State Department, wedded to its doctrine of multilateral trade.

The new machinery now proposed is a substitute for something against which not one single voice was raised at the Copenhagen Conference: every member nation of F.A.O. supported the World Food Board "in principle." That was because Boyd-Orr's motives could not be gainsaid. His Board, a joint undertaking of F.A.O., the Economic and Social Council and the World Bank, was designed to serve three main purposes. It was to assist any country, and especially the overcrowded, undeveloped countries, to increase food production until world supplies would be equal to human needs. It was to build up "Joseph's Granaries" as a reservoir to equalise the good and bad harvests and prevent recurring famines. It would stabilise the price of food at levels fair to producers and consumers; it would buy and hold after a bumper harvest and unload after a poor one. It was to be a supra-governmental trading organisation, taking food out of politics (as Boyd-Orr said) and human lives off the ticker tapes (as La Guardia said).

No one openly opposed it. No one publicly denounced it as the basis of a World Welfare State. In the lobbies, however, some jeered that Boyd-Orr was trying to do in two years what Christianity had failed to do in twenty centuries. Others derided the project as Utopian. The word was apposite; over 400 years ago, Sir Thomas More said it all:

> In their great council at Amaurot, to which there are three sent from every town once a year, they examine what towns abound in provisions and what are under any scarcity that so the one may be furnished from the

other; and this is done freely, without any exchange; for according to their plenty or scarcity, they supply or are supplied one from another; that the whole island is, as it were, one family. When they have thus taken care of their whole country and laid up stores for two years, which they do to prevent the ill-consequences of an unfavourable season, they order an exportation of the overplus, both of corn, honey, wool, flax, wood, wax, tallow, leather and cattle; which they send out commonly in great quantities to other nations. They order that a seventh of all these goods be freely given to the poor of the countries to which they send them and sell the rest at moderate rates. . . . In all their contracts no private man stands bound but the writing runs in the name of the towns and the towns which owe them money raise it from those private hands which owe it to them, lay it up in their public chamber or enjoy the profit of it till the Utopians call for it and they choose rather to let the greatest part lie in the hands who make advantage by it than to call for it themselves . . .

More generous critics thought Boyd-Orr was "two jumps ahead of history." And so it seemed when the proposals were macerated by the Preparatory Commission. Giving lip-service to "the principle," the Commission changed the World Food Board to a World Food Council, an inter-governmental instead of a supra-governmental body. In fact, it is the Executive Council of F.A.O., which is a fact-finding and advisory agency, whose facts and advice can be ignored by governments. The reason given was that the Board would have needed "scarce" dollar funds, which U.S.A. was not prepared to advance to a body over which it had not control and which was "planning free enterprise." The truth was, of course, that no nation (and Britain defaulted at the outset) was prepared to concede that measure of sovereignty which the scheme demanded. So, that "hard-headed business man," Viscount Bruce of Melbourne, was made chairman of the World Food Council as one calculated to interfere as little as possible with the "normal channels of trade." It has done a certain amount in helping with allocations; but, if any proof were needed of its inadequacy, the present proposals provide it.

The Director-General of F.A.O. appointed an independent committee of economists to consider the fall of agricultural prices and the unbalance in world trade, and to propose measures for dealing with the situation. As the committee pointed out, neglect of sagging agricultural prices and accumulating surpluses in a period of apparent prosperity following World War I contributed largely to the great depression of 1929–33; and the picture which they are presenting to the Conference is startling enough to justify the boldest measures. They point out that soft-currency areas are being driven into expensive and uneconomic production of the commodities which are accumulating in dollar areas. With human needs, throughout the world, far from satisfied, exporting countries are faced with a threat to the livelihood of their farmers from accumulating surpluses which are unsaleable in non-dollar markets. Within the framework of a strictly national policy they can (1) keep surpluses off the market by storing and withholding, or by destruction in the case of perishables; (2) to a limited extent they can dump on world markets; (3) they can drastically curtail output. Storage only postpones the day of reckoning. Destruction is "deeply disturbing to the conscience of all." Dumping would demoralise the markets of other producing countries. And American experience in the 'thirties showed that, while crop controls can restrain expansion, they are not much use in enforcing contraction.

The experts, "without deprecating the objectives a World Food Board was designed to achieve," prefer to deal with "margins." That is, they suggest operations that bring together marginal supplies and marginal needs so that "normal trade can continue unimpeded." At the same time, they discard the measures proposed by the Preparatory Commission, which brought the World Food Council into being, with the remark that "the problem of putting surpluses to constructive use will not be solved by conferences." Instead, they propose a public Corporation with a capital equivalent to £5,000,000,000. National contributions would be based on the national incomes of the member-countries, and would be payable in local currencies. One-fifth of the subscriptions would be put up on joining; the rest would be earmarked for the purchase of surplus commodities in the particular country. That is, when surpluses arose, the Clearing-House would buy in the currency of the producer country and sell in the currency of the receiving country, which would be realisable in commodities from that country or held until the currency became again convertible. Non-dollar countries would by this device, it is claimed, be able to get supplies . . . provided they were over and above the normal transactions. The prices paid would be normal market prices, guaranteed against devaluation during the holding period. If, however, countries wanted to unload surpluses below cost-price, the Clearing-House would handle these and dispose of them for special purposes—*e.g.*, relief, nutritional programmes and social measures.

Clearly this is a World Food Bank rather than a World Food Board. It is a clearance-sale on hire-purchase. It accepts market-values, without, as the Boyd-Orr proposals did, trying to determine top-and-bottom limits. It is an ingenious attempt to by-pass currency difficulties, but it is difficult to see how it would operate in the case of Britain. What British commodities could the Clearing-House demand in exchange for American farm-surpluses? Or, alternatively, how long would the U.S. side of the ledger carry our overdraft? The scheme does nothing to meet Boyd-Orr's first requisite—to encourage and promote production in backward countries. In its preoccupation with North American surpluses it does not touch the fundamental problem—how to *increase* world food-production to meet the needs of an increasing world population. With a few redeeming features (like the cut-price for social-nutrition borrowed from the World Food Board plan), it still looks suspiciously like a producers' cartel.

RITCHIE CALDER

FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A EUROPEAN TRAMP

That the creative mind might rest and trees
might flatter it like household grenadiers,
the pride of kings besieged by mortal fears
planned gardens as impeccable as these;
Caserta, Schoenbrunn, Sans Souci, Versailles:
the water canalized, strict symmetry
of column, statue, path, periphery,
bounded but boundless to the scanning eye.

Till truant flowers and weeds like dancing fauns
broke through that sterile stillness and cried out;
soon sandwich wrappings blossomed on the lawns.
The tortured tourist came and lounged about;
but from that Eden built for Adams dead,
Eves obsolete, even the dream had fled.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

ARAB NORTH AFRICA

I. UNDER THE FRENCH

(From a Correspondent)

FROM Tripoli in Libya to the frontier of Tunisia is an eight-hour drive by the road winding round the Gulf of Gabes. Suddenly the monotonous stretch of desert is broken by a small group of buildings baking in the Saharan sun. The bus stops: it is Ben Gardan, frontier post of Tunisia. In the desert to the South, there is nothing to mark the political frontier; but you step across this invisible line into a different world. For you leave the unsatisfactory but comparatively mild and democratic British administration in Tripolitania for the French "police State" that stretches from here to Casablanca, weighing heavily on peoples who are Arab and Berber by race, but wholly Arab by culture, language, history and sentiment, and who in many respects retain the rich legacy bequeathed to them by the Arab civilisation of Andalucia. Yet while Britain is training Libyans for a promised political independence, France is still making no serious attempt to prepare for any such eventuality either Tunisia, Algeria or Morocco; nor does she even admit the right of North African Nationalists to struggle for national freedom. The Algerians, Tunisians and Moroccans enjoy to-day fewer civil liberties than the primitive nomads of Libya, and have political institutions inferior to those granted to the Sudanese last December.

At Ben Gardan, two significant incidents occurred. First, the French police checked and stamped my British passport, then suddenly called me back and informed me that they had special orders not to allow me to enter. As British subjects no longer require visas for either Tunisia or Algeria, I was arguing the point when the second incident occurred. A young Tunisian, who had travelled with us from Tripoli, came into the office: no sooner did the police officers catch sight of him than, with a yell of fury, all three jumped to their feet and, oblivious to the presence of a foreign journalist, fell to beating him up in the typical Gestapo manner. The youth's crime was that he was one of the many hundreds who every year escape from Tunisia to seek a freer life in Libya or Cairo. Naturally they travel without documents and, when caught, give the police an excuse for brutality.

Eventually I was allowed to go on to Gabes, accompanied by a police officer of a better sort who advised me to seek out the Commissioner of Police and settle the matter with him. This gentleman, however, was bathing with his wife, so I proceeded northwards to Tunis, through miles of magnificent olive groves, one of the show pieces of French colonisation. Unfortunately, these profitable trees were planted on lands confiscated, or stolen by tricky legislation, from Tunisian tribesmen who have now been driven South into the desert or forced to become low-paid labourers in the phosphate mines. It is the old story of imperialist exploitation; but in Tunisia, and particularly in Algeria, there is the additional hardship that the French colonist, backed by his Government, actually lives on and cultivates the land and competes unfairly with the Arab farmers in the latter's own country. The French form only 2.5 per cent of the population in Tunisia, 4 per cent in Morocco and 12 per cent in Algeria; but the French *colon*, as an American official remarked to me, "is a man avid of profit, caring little for changes in the outside world, who usurps without qualms the rights of the surrounding people." His attitude resembles that of the White settler in South Africa: he hopes that one day the

colons of North Africa will be the rulers and industrialists and landowners while the Arabs will be the labouring class. Incidentally, the majority of the French *colons* were deeply pro-Vichy during the war; when we asked a hotel-keeper in Gabes what happened when the Americans came through, his reply was: "The only thing the Allies did for us was to bomb the town."

Almost all politically conscious Tunisians—and this includes the independent (*i.e.* non-French) Trade Unions—are in the national movement for political independence. It was not surprising, therefore, that when some American friends and I were invited to dine by Arab residents of Tunis, we should meet prominent Nationalists. The local French police, however, were shocked and actually telephoned to ask our hosts why exactly they had invited us! It was noticeable that the French concentrated their attention on myself, a British subject, and treated my American friends with special deference—a ruling from Paris no doubt enforced by the dollar pressure. Police were always hanging round my hotel, creeping up to read telephone messages left for me: a particularly objectionable youth who had been with us in the bus from Tripoli and whom we nicknamed "gumshoes" was to be seen everywhere we went in Tunis.

In Algeria, another strange youth followed us miles out into the vine-yards; and, when we tricked him into a lane with high hedges, he scrambled through a hole and hid himself behind a cow! In Morocco, the police were constantly tapping on my hotel door, with urgent requests to go with them to police headquarters, until eventually, in Casablanca, the intervention of the British Vice-Consul put an end to the farce. With belated apologies, a worried official, whose job it is, I understand, to try and erase the unpleasant impressions created by the local police on travellers such as myself, led me to understand that, having come from Egypt and speaking Arabic, I had aroused suspicions.

No less typical of the "police State" is the French attitude towards the fundamental freedoms of speech, assembly, the press, political organisations and education. Freedom of political assembly or of speech does not exist; freedom of the press is limited to freedom for the French *colons* or businessmen to express *their* views; Arabic papers from Egypt cannot be read anywhere in North Africa except in Libya and Tangier; and those Arabic papers published under the French regime are riddled with blanks carved out by the censor. Even the French Left-wing daily *Le Petit Marocain* complains bitterly about the censorship; and on August 9 it revealed that the French censor in Morocco was suppressing news of the debate in Washington concerning the status of American businessmen in Morocco. To the meeting of the Unesco Committee on Information, which met in Paris towards the end of July, the French sent Commandant Buis to represent Morocco. Commandant Buis is none other than the Director of Information Services in Morocco. In other words, the Moroccans were represented by their own censor.

This cynical attitude towards the press is also to be found in the economic sphere, where the rich mineral and agricultural resources of the area are being exploited in the interests of France. In Casablanca I found that most of the Marshall Aid money allotted for the area is being diverted to French settlers and businessmen, while Moroccans receive what is left over. Moroccan trade is controlled entirely by France, though both American and British firms are struggling hard for a share in the market. The Americans are on firmer ground, since the U.S. never abandoned its treaty rights with the Sultan of Morocco, whereas Chamberlain surrendered Britain's shortly before the last war. Incidentally, the U.S. Navy seems quite convinced that France can no more defend North Africa now than she could eight years ago. American naval installations are being built at Port Lyautey and other Moroccan coastal areas in case of need.

France went into Tunisia and Morocco as a Protecting Power; the local rulers were made to "accept" help on the grounds that their countries needed such "assistance." It was to be a temporary affair, and sovereignty remained vested in the indigenous rulers. In Morocco, for example, France still maintains the fiction that she governs through the medium of His Majesty Sultan Sidi Mohammed V. In fact, France is dominating Morocco as a colonial area, while the Sultan, a man of modern education and great shrewdness, who watches events carefully from his palace at Rabat, is wholly in accord with the aims of the Nationalist parties, and is as anxious as they to see the end of the Protectorate.

The Sultan recently demanded reform of the whole Moroccan educational system, which at present is controlled by the French and is being used by them as a means of preventing the mass of Moroccans from obtaining even elementary education, while there is deliberate suppression of Arabic language and culture. In Casablanca, a city of 700,000 people, there are only two or three elementary schools for Moroccans, and in the whole country only three secondary schools for a population of 9 millions. Professional training is almost non-existent; and Moroccans who try to seek education abroad have to fight their way out of their own country. As one Moroccan put it to me: "Freedom is at such a low ebb under French 'democracy' that education of our children has become an underground movement."

OUR BETTERS

It is what an 18th century essayist would have called a melancholy reflection, that the earthworm, if each living kind be considered in its relation to the universe as a whole, is incomparably the most important of animals. Man and the higher animals are parasitic upon this apparently insignificant creature: we owe Hamlet, the Fifth Symphony and St. Paul's Cathedral to its voracious appetite and its singleness of purpose. Not only can the earthworm do without man; man is frequently pernicious to its well-being. But man cannot for long do without the earthworm; and if it be argued that the latter is, in its turn, dependent upon plants for its subsistence, yet this relationship is one of mutual service rather than parasitism: the worm does as much for the plant as the plant for the worm, whereas man, that is civic man, does nothing for the worms which support him.

In nature, of course, man makes his contribution: the waste matter of his digestion and the debris of his corpse are excellent worm-fodder which, being consumed by earthworms, are in the guts of those animals converted into a fertile humus for the consumption of plants. But no sooner does man become civilised, which is to say urbanised, than he desists from discharging the most valuable of his products, from a universal point of view, into the earth and sends it through pipes into the sea. While as for his body, which he owes to the planet, and which he has been lent out of the limited stock of terrestrial materials, he has it sealed into a coffin, perhaps even a coffin of lead, or he has it burnt, and so fraudulently witholds payment of his debt to the universal community.

That nonpareil satirist Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis has written some lines, upon reading the *Golden Treasury*, which go something like this:

> Some ten per cent. to God or to his Saints,
> Twenty per cent. to nature or her proxies.
> And all the rest, God help us, to complaints
> Of chaps pursuing and turned down by doxies.

In short, seventy per cent. of our sublimest poetry is love poetry.

It is instructive to reflect upon what sort of poetry, what luxury of imagery would be produced by an *annelid* Shakespeare, supposing such an earthworm to desist from his important work of keeping the earth alive and take to such a secondary or tertiary occupation as poetry: subject to the same fundamental urges, he would also devote 70 per cent. of his output to the subject of love. And the subject is naturally a more generous one in the case of the earthworm than in the case of ourselves: for the earthworm is an hermaphrodite playing, in a single act, both the principal parts in a love affair. And its sexual life is thus as much more elaborate than our own as it is simpler than that of, for example, the *aphides*.

At first thought hermaphroditism would appear to render the subject independent of its fellows in the matter of love. But, at least, in the case of the earthworm this is not so and partnership is as necessary to *annelid* procreation as it is for a man or a mouse. What constitutes sex appeal between worms is a question as difficult to answer as "what song the sirens sang, or what name Achilles used when he lived among women." To the prejudiced eye of the human observer, all worms appear alike repulsive. Do worms seek one another with discrimination or are their encounters fortuitous? We can hardly know. But propinquity is evidently as important in their case as in the case of young men and women, for the rate of their breeding appears to be much increased where their population is relatively dense.

Once they have found each other, the pair of earthworms enter into an embrace of such closeness that it is not possible, at a glance, to tell whether one or two or more are involved. The pair appear at first to lie side by side, and then, when parallel, to tie themselves into a close knot which exactly resembles the Turk's Head knot beloved by yacht-masters. More patience than I possess is required to learn how long they remain so entwined.

The adult worm has about its body a dark, glandular ring which is called the clitellum and from which it produces, while locked in this close embrace, a semi-fluid secretion, in the form of a stout, viscid thread by which it binds itself to its companion. Each party to the act then gives forth semen which is stored by its partner, and when this exchange is completed, the worms separate. The clitellum produces then a capsule, in the form of a jelloid tube about the body, which is worked forward by the worm. In the course of its journey along the body it receives, at different stations, first eggs and then semen. Finally, it is slipped off the body entirely, whereupon it closes up into the form of an oval capsule, like a soft pearl faintly tinged with yellow, and which contains the fertile ova.

These, in favourable conditions, hatch out in about three weeks, each capsule producing from one to as many as twenty young worms. This procreative process may be repeated as

often as once a week, and a single pair of worms thus give birth to from 50 to 1,000 young ones in the course of a single year. But since the young worms reach maturity, in that they can reproduce their kind again, in ninety days, this figure is much greater. Supposing four to be the average number of eggs per capsule, then a single pair of worms can give rise to several thousand offspring in the course of twelve months.

When the young worms hatch out, the superior attributes of the genus, as compared with ourselves, are again apparent. The young worms, although but a few millimetres in length and resembling a fragment of animated white cotton thread, are not to waste time in going through a long and troublesome childhood, but begin at once upon their business of building fertile soil: burrowing through the earth in every direction, descending to the subsoil to bring up a gutfull of the minerals which have been leached out of the topsoil, climbing into the topsoil to mix this with dead vegetable and animal matter, passing through their bodies everything which comes in their way, the worms discharge either just below or actually upon the surface their casts of finely divided, black, sweet-smelling soil, neither acid nor alkaline, whatever may be the reaction of their environment, and so fertile that plants growing in it are from ten to several hundred per cent. more productive than plants growing in other soils.

Man, in denying his discharges and his dead body to the earthworms, denies the return of his substance to the world's organic capital. The process, which he has wantonly altered, is described in two masterpieces of our literature: in Yorkshire's grim *On Ilkla Moor Ba't'At*; and in *Hamlet*:

> King: Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?
> Hamlet: At supper.
> King: At supper? Where?
> Hamlet: Not where he eats but where he is eaten, a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us and we fat ourselves for maggots . . . a man may fish with a worm that hath ate of a King and eat the fish which hath fed of that worm.

It is true that in thus demonstrating how "a King may go a progress through the guts of a beggar" Hamlet had not the earthworm in mind: but the principle is the same . . . cyclic.

Not only in morality, in its precocious application to business, is the earthworm our better. Barring accidents it is apparently immortal, certainly very long-lived, of a robust and careless constitution and a digestion beyond comparison more efficient than our own. Given the muscular strength of an earthworm, in proportion to his bulk, an average man could shift, single-handed, a weight of about thirty tons. Physically, therefore, in the two important particulars of health and strength, the earthworm's superiority is demonstrated.

Charles Darwin cautiously estimated the English earthworm population at 50,000 per acre. In more favourable conditions this figure may rise to millions, in the Nile Valley for example. Fifty thousand worms deposit in a year more than ten tons of casts, that is they create more than ten tons of perfect top-soil upon which the plant, and, therefore, the animal and human life of the planet subsists. An acre of top soil a foot deep weighs about 1,500 tons. So that in 150 years fifty thousand earthworms will turn barren subsoil and vegetable and animal carrion into an acre of fertile top soil. If the worm population be raised and the available quantity of carrion also, then this term will be shortened accordingly.

Barrett and others have shown that with a suitably rich compost of animal or vegetable matter it is easy to support a worm population at a density of 500 to the cubic foot, which is twenty million to the foot-acre. Such a population, of course, could only survive in a rich compost which was nearly all nutritious food. But it should be quite possible to maintain about 5 million earthworms to the acre of English horticultural and agricultural land by harrowing into that land every kind of waste organic matter which either agricultural, domestic or industrial activity produces. The consequence would be complete topsoil renewal every eighteen months, or, allowing for inactivity on the part of the worms during very cold weather and drought, every three years. Moreover, it would be feasible to give a new and fertile topsoil to regions where none now exists, and thus render every square inch of British surface area productive. Millions a year would be saved in chemical manures of dubious value, soil drainage would be improved, soil erosion and exhaustion checked, and we should soon come near to being able to feed ourselves off our own land.

The United States and Canada already have sources of domesticated earthworms. They are sold to farmers and gardeners at about a half-penny each, and are often purchased by the million. The sooner the Ministry of Agriculture sets up a breeding centre for earthworms and an organisation for their proper distribution, the better for our food prospects. There is only one alternative: we should have to learn to be as clever as earthworms which, if confined in a container holding a limited amount of food, have the sense to desist from breeding, adjusting their numbers to the quantity of food available to them.

EDWARD HYAMS

DEAR READERS

THE Character of the Cat in Kafka's *Castle*: that is what I want to write about. And one of these days I will—if I can hit upon a less alliterative title for my treatise. Kafka is very far from having had the last word said about him. The probability is that, like Shakespeare, he is not for his age but for all time as a provider of material for critical essays. But will he also continue to be read by disinterested persons? And, come to think of it, what kind of readers tackle him now?

To that last question I once received the answer: "Grave, tall, lean, crumby-looking Islington young men from the Polytechnic, and, dark, dumpy, disappointed-looking, middle-aged women, with large handbags, who get out at Chalk Farm." A stupid answer, I thought; snobbish and ill-natured. Some of my best friends say they admire Kafka. But when I bring two of them together and try to get them to discuss him intelligently, the result always reminds me of those two Scotch professors who had rashly boasted of a passion for snails. Asked to demonstrate how snails should be eaten, they collected a few score from the fields and concocted a kind of soup to be consumed in the presence of an admiring company. After a mouthful or two, one professor said, tentatively: "Don't you think they taste a trifle green?"—"Damned green!" said the other, relieved. "Tak' 'em awa, tak' 'em awa!"

Because he has been so generously and variously expounded, many are interested in Kafka, though few, I find, share my peculiar preoccupation with him, nor are they—though they may pretend to be—genuinely concerned with the minuter problems presented by his symbolism. Yet, scattered across the country, must be a solitary reader or two who has recourse to Kafka for comfort, encouragement and spiritual sustenance, and some, no doubt, whom he stimulates intellectually. For such the cat with the wounded paw who jumped on Frieda's chest . . . But that matter must wait: it must wait for my unalliterative title. ("Frieda's Fright"—no, that's alliterative too.) What is worrying me at the moment is the unfortunateness of the fact that we know so little, and can imagine less, about the response of unprofessional, private readers to contemporary literature. We never have been able to learn anything worth knowing. Those drastically metaphysicked readers in the seventeenth century—what sort of people were they? The metaphysicals' acquaintances, the log-rolling composers of commendatory verses—we know all about *them;* just as we know—or can surmise—something about the writing admirers of Mr. T. S. Eliot. It is the unwriting readers' reaction that we can never discover.

I have a friend (so far he has got through life without getting into print) who asserts that no one is better able than he to appreciate all the fine qualities of Miss Elizabeth Bowen's work. No nuance, no subtlety of hers escapes him; no one's ear is so delicately attuned to her tiniest echo; no one is keener in penetrating her characters' secrets; no one can so distinctly visualise her outdoor scenery or the décor of her interiors; no one is more responsive to the emotional atmosphere she creates; and no one is so perceptive of the niceties of her style. Telling me all this, he added, impressively: "But do you realize that she is our greatest living virtuoso of the triple negative?" (This incident reminded me that, ages ago, after a Bertrand Russell lecture, a man said to me, in some distress: "I'm beginning to suspect that Russell is a Neutral Monist."—"Good God!" I said, "I was afraid you had discovered he was a Conative Meliorist.")

My Elizabeth Bowen enthusiast may, for all I know, be a little above the average of her readers. More probably, he soars far above. I cannot tell, I cannot find out; though, loitering in a public lending library, one can sometimes catch a hint of public opinion.

"Book I just taken back wasn't bad."

"What was it?"

"Forget what it was called, but I'd know it again if I saw it. Sort of fawn-coloured it was."

"Who by?"

"How do I know? I never remember authors."

"What was it about?"

"Asking questions, aren't you? All right, then, it was about a chap, an officer, it was wartime, see, and he was one of what our Sid calls them Dunkirk harriers. When he come home he got an 'igh-up job, but he begun double-crossing, giving information to the enemy, as you might say. But someone was tailing him, and in the end . . . Wait a minute; I forgot. There was a woman he'd fallen for, sort of, who got mixed up in it, and her son . . ."

"Married woman, then?"

"Must have been. Widow or divorced or something, perhaps. Nice though."

"Sounds all right."

"A bit clever—if you get me—lah-de-dah like, Not bad, though, as I said."

"Suits me. But you *are* a silly cake not to even remember the title."

"Never mind. Wait till they bring round the books on a trolley to put back on the shelves; I'll pick it out for you. Funny thing, I always remember the colour of a book."

Now, make all allowances. Allow for inarticulacy and impromptuness, for a disinclination on the part of the speaker to show that she had been impressed, and we still haven't got very far. The fact that she could remember neither author nor

title is unimportant. It is important that she was persuading someone else to read a book which she had liked. There is this, further, in her favour: she had read the book, not merely a review of it. She never reads reviews. It is for professional literary people, who have less time than anybody else for reading, that reviews are written.

The mass of readers—what they think about books and what effect (if any) books have upon their lives we shall never learn. Who dare speculate about Shakespeare's groundlings? Professors have done so, I know; but with what ludicrous results! As for the character of the cat in Kafka's *Castle*, how shall I ever know whether anybody else but me cares a damn about that?

PALOMIDES

The Arts and Entertainment

MAD SALOME

"BOTH vocally and orchestrally the most miserable *Salome* I have ever heard" (Mr. Newman in the *Sunday Times*); "musically one of the best things done at the Royal Opera since its partial naturalisation" (Mr. Blom in the *Observer*). A cynic might claim that the two statements are not quite irreconcilable; but their divergence gives the Covent Garden management an excuse to shrug its shoulders at the absurdity of all music criticism, while hoping in the meantime to get away with murder on the production side. So, ignoring that corpse for the moment, let us try to dispose of the musical aspect of this *Salome*.

In Ljuba Welitsch we have a superlative Princess of Judea; one whose equal we may not see for many years; whom not to have seen in this part will cause lasting regret. She has everything the role demands: passionate intensity of declamation, tireless vitality, rhythmic exactitude, a singularly pure *legato*, and a vocal quality which is hauntingly individual in colour, and yet as clear as a stream of mountain water. Histrionically, she presents a completely realised conception: that of a child, boundlessly indulged in the abuse of an imperious will-power, who has grown up in a shameful atmosphere which she detests. Opposite this unquestionable ace of trumps, we were presented with a woefully feeble Jokanaan (Kenneth Schon). The minor characters were fair, though Mr. Lechleitner (as Herod) was sadly bothered by the English text. Karl Rankl and the orchestra achieved a performance of the score well above the recent Covent Garden level; the earlier lyrical passages, such as those associated with Narraboth, lacked something in clarity and tenderness, but the final scene rose to a climax which was properly sumptuous in sound as well as in intense rhythmic impulse.

Musically, therefore, this Salome had much to recommend it. But the sad truth must be faced that, apart from the indestructible Welitsch, the music had, on this occasion, to take a back seat. When Peter Brook produces, something of that sort is liable to happen; and on this occasion he was abetted by Salvador Dali's scenery, costumes and "special effects" (to quote the programme's ominous phrase). I imagine the argument for employing Dali to have run along these lines: *Salome* is morbid, sensational, necrophile, nightmarish; Dali is a specialist in all such fields; besides, he is fashionable, and whatever he does is news, so the box office will be pleased. What nobody seems to have asked is whether Dali has any general acquaintance with opera as an artform, and with Strauss's intentions and achievements in this particular instance. When Mme Welitsch hazarded the view (to a press reporter) that Dali didn't know the opera, she may quite well have been right. But it is really of small consequence how well either Dali or Peter Brook know the opera or the intentions of its creator, because it has become a point of honour with the *avant-garde* school of opera production to disregard the expressed requirements of the score. Does Strauss demand complete darkness during the climax of Salome's final monologue, followed by the brilliant reappearance of the moon at the moment when Herod orders her death? Then Mr. Brook, who is by no means averse from darkness and from spectacular lighting (in fact, quite the contrary), ensures that an unvarying spotlight shall continue to illuminate the heroine throughout the whole passage. Does Strauss ask for "a great terrace"? Then Mr. Dali sees that we have got a narrow defile between two towering crags of white rock. An element of fantasy is admittedly an advantage in *Salome*, because it helps to remove the distasteful climax of the action from the field of realism, and Dali's set with its great low white moon and its fantastic pavilion at the back of the stage, was visually quite impressive; but its great crescent ramp, and the consequent frequent changes of level, had the fatal disadvantage of cramping the stage, so that Salome had no room to spread herself in the Dance of the Seven Veils. The unfortunate soprano who is obliged to recreate, in hard-boiled 1949, the 1905 Oriental glamour of this scene deserves all the help she can get. Everything is against her: our more sophisticated post-Diaghilev attitude towards stage dancing, the vogue of strip-tease, the modern (most un-Eastern) preference for thin women, the burlesque talents of Hermione Baddeley. To have surmounted (more or less) all this and Dali too, was a considerable feat on the part of Mme Welitsch.

The costumes (except for Salome's, which was much as usual) were idiotic, exasperating and hideous; the minor characters were turned into a set of Alice-in-Wonderland playing cards, and Herodias bobbed in and out of a head-dress which might have been invented in an off moment by the White Knight. Four miniature umbrella frames rose and fell over Herod's pavilion until the electricians tired of working the switches: like most of the "special effects" this proved an ideal distraction from the music. The boos that greeted Peter Brook at the end may possibly have been meant for Salvador Dali; more probably they were an indication that the public has by now had enough of the whole "Crazy Gang" technique of opera production of which Mr. Brook is the leading English exponent. But he ought not to incur the odium of Dali's engagement—at what I suspect to have been a very high fee payable in dollars. Better, surely, to have spent a fraction of the sum on a baritone with a stronger voice.

* * *

I should like to draw the attention of Londoners to the fact that *Let's Make an Opera* by Benjamin Britten and Eric Crozier, is now running at the Lyric, Hammersmith. I wrote at length about this most endearing entertainment when it was given last July at the Cheltenham Festival.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE NEW PATRON

ON every side you hear it repeated that the State is now the artist's new patron-in-chief. The painter, you would gather, is now more dependent upon the discernment and benevolence of official bodies than upon any private patronage which may still linger. But this is like breaking a bottle of champagne over the fore end of a newly laid keel. Visit any of the private galleries (the places where every single artist must go to make, or fail to make, his name) and ask the relative proportion of private and "public," or official sales. It cannot possibly, one would say at a guess, be more than 2 in a 100—two official purchases to one hundred private ones. Conducting his enquiry the other way round Mr. Wyndham Lewis recently discovered that the maximum sum which might possibly percolate from the Treasury into the pockets of living painters (through the purchase of their works), in a single year, was £6,000. Actually Mr. Lewis showed, in the excellent article in *The Listener* in which he divulged the results of his investigation, that considerably less than this £6,000 was in fact likely to come to our artists from the joint annual expenditure of the Tate Gallery, the Arts Council and the British Council—the State's sole agents in this matter so far.

Mr. Lewis's most expostulatory moment came with the revelation that the Arts Council in one year devoted £212,000 to the promotion of music while reserving £2,000 for the purchase of contemporary paintings. I think this ratio of 212 to 2 is sufficiently startling to survive a number of modifications which might result from considering certain aspects of the problem. I am not claiming exact equality of treatment for the various arts which the Arts Council or the British Council exist to support, because in this country there is no doubt that literature is dominant, music second, the dramatic arts third and the visual fourth in the general esteem. Visiting France an English painter is at once aware of a complete change in the intellectual climate; he instinctively recognises the greatly increased seriousness with which his own art is very widely regarded: indeed visual expression is quite naturally accorded a place second to none in the consciousness of cultivated Frenchmen.

My intention here is not primarily to assail those responsible for the visual arts within the two Councils. It is the politicians who must be assailed, and the public constantly reminded. Actually this week there is reason for moderate congratulation to the Arts Council and the British Council. The first has re-opened the New Burlington Galleries with an exhibition of Contemporary British Art, which has been taken from the permanent collections of both Councils. On the whole this is a good exhibition. A number of our best painters are represented by excellent pictures. Matthew Smith's yellow nude, Graham Sutherland's *Large Vine Pergola, No. 2*, Ben Nicholson's *Still Life (Green and Brown)*, and things by Colquhoun, MacBryde, Vaughan, Pasmore, Hitchens and Lucien Freud are outstanding. And a number of other painters are very decently represented: Coldstream, Gowing, David Jones, Ginner, Gore, Sickert, Wynter, Scott and Tunnard. At this point the exhibition, regarded as a definition of Contemporary British Painting, rather breaks down. At least twelve mediocre pictures by as many mediocre painters have been bought for one or other of these two official collections, and a few dull pictures here are unworthy of their authors. What makes this so unfortunate is the fact that quite a number of very good painters have been omitted altogether. Christopher Wood's absence is the most serious of these omissions. And the exhibition would have gained in significance by the inclusion of judiciously selected canvases by Augustus John, Wyndham Lewis (the two water colours included are inadequate), John Craxton, Adrian Ryan, Francis Bacon, Prunella Clough, Louis Le Brocquy, and Peter Lanyon.

As for sculpture, a piece by Frank Dobson is the sole exhibit. Henry Moore's large exhibition, soon due in Paris, accounts for the absence of all but a drawing or two. But the best contemporary British sculpture would be more adequately represented by works from Eric Gill, Barbara Hepworth, Epstein, Robert Adams, Reg Butler, Sven Berlin and Lyn Chadwick.

However, warmest congratulations must go this week to the Tate, for acquiring two magnificent pictures by Picasso. *Buste* and *Femme assise*, both in the idiom of "analytical Cubism" of 1909, or thereabouts, are superlatively fine additions to the national collection. No better purchases than these could have been made: hitherto we have lacked any example of this most important phase in our main public collection of modern works. Now perhaps a recent Braque is the next thing to pray for. Also displayed in the "Recent Acquisitions" show at the

Tate are two interesting Giacomettis, a good Rouault, a lovely little early Matisse, a large and magnificent Sickert, *St. Mark's, Venice*, a very beautiful, large portrait drawing by the late Frances Hodgkins and *Cornish Church*, a lovely early Matthew Smith. Together with a dozen Blakes presented by the trustees of the late Graham Robertson, and a good painting by Joseph Wright of Derby, *The Light House*, this is a most heartening list.

PATRICK HERON

THE MOVIES

"Crime and Punishment," at the Academy
"White Heat," at Warner's
"Prince of Foxes," at the Marble Arch Odeon

WHENEVER the films of a particular week have a theme in common, that theme will be almost certainly violence. It happens so regularly that we have come to take it for granted, now and then perhaps letting out a mild protest, to be followed afterwards by a switch of mood, which will find this preoccupation as inevitable as it is thrilling. For isn't violence the flash of power, and isn't power the consuming interest of our times? The few act while the many look on. Deny it though we may, the ravisher of states or lives, the gangster, the stop-press murderer extorts from us other emotions besides disgust: fear, for example (we see ourselves as his victim), and admiration (since we should gladly possess at least his gift of decisive action). Murder, I suppose, delights everyone outside its immediate circle; and not least the amiable outsider who wouldn't hurt a mouse, but feels himself considerably cheated if the murderer isn't quickly taken and tried, found guilty and murdered in turn.

A fine ambivalence! No wonder this hero keeps popping out of our unconscious on to the screen at all levels and in all guises. Dostoevsky's Hamlet of the police courts appears yet again, piling guilt on admiration, and failure on the engulfing first step; failure (if a little slow off the mark) attends also the tough little epileptic gangster of *White Heat*, and the *Prince of Foxes*—Machiavelli's Prince as out-foxed and black-suited by Hollywood. All fail: of course, they must. And yet, despite his scruples, it is Dostoevsky's "God-man" who comes nearest success. The last page of the novel even asseverates that, while embracing the Christian verdict, Raskolnikov judges himself simply as a failure in greatness: he has proved himself Hamlet, not Napoleon.

No film, of course, ever got half so far. *Crime and Punishment* has been described as a detection story, a love story, and a philosophical treatise rolled into one; and the new Swedish version at the Academy—ominously "based on the book by Dostoevsky"—goes out for the second (the love story), while abbreviating the first and totally ignoring the third. The one essential for such a treatment is an appealing Sonia (she can hardly do more than appeal): this has been found. Gunn Wallgren does all that can be done, with the tenacity of innocence and a wide-eyed irregular prettiness that go very well with her plight. She even has her scene in white, a client having just left. But what of Raskolnikov, on whom so much more depends? The part has been taken and the film directed, by Hampe Faustman, so that the blame for any shortcomings must fall on him. And this, it must be admitted, is a Raskolnikov without the necessary stature. Intelligence and nobility have been shrugged off; with no more preparation than fifteen seconds' thought he goes out to murder the "useless" old woman, and neither his sufferings nor his exaltations for a moment take the full Dostoevskian gale. The cat-and-mouse game in the police parlour even loses a little of its zest, though as Zametov Sigurd Wallen achieves a fair second-best to the unapproachable Baur. This version, in fact, has tried to extract melodrama, while changing the plot for the worse and leaving out half the argument. It is surprising how much of Dostoevsky none the less survives.

Between these high antics of conscience, however reduced, and the off-the-reel film smelling of murders there exists a difference of kind. Both *White Heat* and *Prince of Foxes* smell more than a little; though the first, celebrating Mr. James Cagney's return as a bad man, who would shoot anyone in the back except his mother, has a brisk arrogant appeal. It is, in fact, Mr. Cagney's best film for many a long month, well acted, well directed by Raoul Walsh, and with some vivid sidelights on police methods. The murderer's protest is explained by bad heredity.

"A hundred dew cats!" So (in *Prince of Foxes*), not surrealism, but the demon Transatlantic Speech (dealing here in ducats), from moment to moment rends its own fabric of Renaissance Italy. The palaces and Mr. Orson Welles as Cesare Borgia are grand, but the all-conjuring lovers (Tyrone Power and Wanda Hendrix) who do him down, belong to a more doltish world, and their sentimentalities are played out to an ugly strain of sadism. Here, I feel, the opportunity has been missed of giving us a real drama of Power, not Tyrone.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TELEVISION NOTES

AT both ends of television—in the B.B.C. studios and in our parlours—there is a problem of dimensions to be resolved. The cameras can work only on a relatively narrow front, and if they try to cram too much into their limited focus the image which arrives on our screens is so diminished in scale that we cannot identify its details. They swallow a camel and throw up a gnat. When the quorum of characters present on the stage in a television play exceeds half a dozen the resultant scramble for elbow-room creates a physical congestion which mars our acceptance of the dramatic values of the play. In a recent enactment of an Edgar Wallace thriller the gunman was so cramped for space that, instead of drawing a decent bead on his man from a distance of yards, he was compelled to prod him in the midriff at point-blank range. However, the play-producers at Alexandra Palace are less fascinated than they used to be with that medieval exercise of assembling a multitude of angels on the point of a pin, and most of their choices nowadays are dramas which demand a minimum of manpower and deployment. Their colleagues in other departments, I am glad to say, are also becoming close-up-conscious, and most of the month's successes have accepted that principle of intimacy which is fundamental in television. Thus it was in a session when Stanley Holloway sang a bundle of nostalgic songs about the profession he graces with such rare accomplishment. Intimacy, again, was the mainspring of *Personal Impressions*, an innovation which J. B. Priestley was chosen to try out on us. The notion behind this novelty is to give well-known personalities the freedom of the cathode ray to arrest us how they please. Priestley contrived a most agreeable ambush. He rigged up the fiction that he was calling upon two people he'd never met before, and in the few minutes before they came into the room he let his fancy loose upon the objects with which it was furnished. Nothing could have more impressively revealed the dramatist's quicksilver powers of observation and surmise than this soliloquised inventory of a middle-class household's goods. There are, of course, two Priestleys (at least), and the second, and sardonic, twin took good care to make a monkey of the first in the dénouement of this diverting escapade.

Close-up intimacy has always been the keynote of television's Children's Hour, a Sunday treat which is soon to become a daily one. The oldest inhabitant of this weekly festival is Muffin the Mule, a fabulous puppet invented by Annette Mills and Ann Hogarth, and abetted by a beguiling assortment of other fantastic drolls. The entire adventures of this stupendous troupe are manipulated on the top of a grand piano at which Miss Mills not only provides the relevant ditties and musical arabesques but also convinces us, by dexterous verbal stratagems, that she is engaging in diverting conversations with Muffin and his myrmidons. Her weekly confidence trick with these puppets is one of the marvels of television.

The B.B.C. Quarterly, now on general sale at 2s. 6d., contains in its current issue a notable article by Sir William Haley on the relation of television to broadcasting as a whole, and especially on the misbegotten rivalry which would ensue if television were allowed to secede from the B.B.C. Commonwealth. The case he makes seems to me both temperate and conclusive.

W. E. WILLIAMS

"What Next?" at the Unity Theatre

Unity hasn't achieved its own best with this year's revue. Fortunately the spirit of pantomime appears not quite too late to rescue what was becoming a dull, disappointing affair. It appears only just in time, at the very end of the first half of the show, after a sequence of not very enticing turns. An Elizabethan pageant of devaluation, amusingly costumed, satisfactorily absurd, with music "lifted from Rossini," puts us in much better spirits for the prospects beyond the interval; and on the whole they turn out to be bright, with just a few dead patches. Brightest of all is a Shakespeare skit, *Labour's Lost Love*, in which credible likenesses of leading politicians patter and bicker about the stage, and the converted blank verse rolls along very blandly. Though this has some sort of political text, pantomime captures it, and the silliest jokes are the best. So they are elsewhere in this show. The political satire is mostly not good; only in one sketch (*Kick Off*) do politics and nonsense make a happy marriage. Fortunately nonsense will keep breaking through, and though one feels some disappointment with *What Next?* the impression also persists that its producer, Mr. Joe Levine, is a clever man, who needed more time, better material, and a rather less lugubrious political conscience.

Carl Fabergé at Messrs. Wartski, 138, Regent St.

Messrs. Wartski present what is believed to be the first exhibition ever held in Europe of the work of Carl Fabergé, last Court Jeweller and Goldsmith to the Tsars of Russia. Most of the four-hundred-odd pieces exhibited were made after 1890—"none of them is much earlier than the *Sleeping Beauty* . . . none of them much later than the *Merry Widow*," as Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell says in the catalogue. Nevertheless in quality they are the equivalent of Renaissance or of sixteenth-century work—of some of the Viennese treasures recently shown at the Tate for example. Only under the Romanoffs or the Hapsburgs, with their infinite resources, was work so fine and elaborate possible. Unfortunately occasional lapses of taste spoil the effect of magnificent craftsmanship. Ornate Easter eggs open to disclose indifferent miniatures of members of the Imperial family dressed as hospital nurses; other boxes contain models in gold of Rothschild racehorses (fortunately not shown in this exhibition). But mostly these objects are surprisingly beautiful. It is uncertain whether Fabergé himself made any of them; but the greater part were certainly carried out by craftsmen, mostly Finns or Swedes, working under his direct supervision and following his designs and ideas. Everything his workshop produced therefore bears his imprint, while at the same time displaying a great feeling for the nature of different materials. There are, for example, a snake's head (No. 18) made of smoky topaz and a Negro's head (No. 176) made of dark sherry agate; also there are a jade chicken with diamond eyes, emerging from an egg, an obsidian pig with ruby eyes, and an agate capercailzie with gold feet, which, though one may not like them, are work of undeniable virtuosity and competence. The majority of Fabergé's creations were *objets de luxe* for one royal personage to give another: scent-bottles, even crochet hooks set with rose diamonds. But he also made simpler things: cigarette cases and match cases in wood, others banded in differently coloured golds, even a clinical thermometer in enamel and gold, and these chaster pieces are the more aesthetically pleasing. No student of the applied arts, nor any historian of taste can afford to neglect this exhibition.

A Christmas Present to our Readers!

We don't believe there is another paper in the world more in debt, and more happily in debt, to its readers than THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Twenty-six years ago the Manager asked the readers of " The New Statesman " to introduce the paper to their friends by making Christmas Gifts of " acquaintance subscriptions " for an initial six months at the nominal charge of Five Shillings. The Manager bet the then Editor, Clifford Sharp, that he would get more than 100 new subscribers as a result. He won, with over 400 to spare.

The habit amongst our readers of combining their Christmas gifts with helping to find us new readers grew year by year until the war suspended this happy collaboration.

In a minor key we revived the old tune last Christmas, but this year we are coming out in full strength to reach the ears of every reader and to urge him or her to push with us towards a 100,000 circulation.

Last year we sold an average of 84,000 copies a week, which was near enough three times the pre-war net sale. In spite of this, we know that there are still many thousands of people in this country, and indeed in every other country, who should be reading us and are not. We are continually having proof of this.

What better time to give an " acquaintance subscription " as a Christmas or New Year gift than now? Some time during the first six months of 1950 there will be a General Election. Every serious voter, whether he agrees with this paper's point of view or not, will at least find plenty of inspiration in it for thought and discussion.

But as you know, whilst home and foreign affairs occupy a good part of our pages, there is plenty more than that. Books, the Arts and Entertainment get their full share, whilst Weekend Competitions continue to test the wit and erudition of our readers.

There is no need, however, for us to tell you what is in the paper you read. What we are asking you to do now is to go through your list of friends and acquaintances and lift out from amongst them any who, so far as you know, are not reading this paper. Having done this, we go further and ask if you will make a Christmas Gift to each one of these friends of an " acquaintance subscription " for six months at the very special rate of Five Shillings. We will bear the difference between this and the usual charge of 16s. 3d. and we will send the paper to any address in the world. We especially beg you to include as many overseas friends as possible.

Act now if you can, and please remember that *the recipient must not be already buying the paper*, so far as you know, and that he or she is under no obligation to continue after your gift subscription.

Thanks in advance for your collaboration.

North American readers may send One Dollar for each name and address direct to our New York Agent, British Publications Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York 16

To the Publishers
NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

I agree to the terms of your Christmas Offer and enclose £....s....d for ..... Six-Monthly Gift Subscriptions at Five Shillings each.

DONOR'S NAME

.....

ADDRESS

.....

.....

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO:

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....
4. .....
5. .....
6. .....
7. .....
8. .....
9. .....
10. .....

If you do not wish to cut your paper, please send note complying with the conditions of the offer.

ODE AGAINST ST. CECILIA'S DAY

Rise, underground sleepers, rise from the grave
Under a broken-hearted sky,
And hear the swansinging nightmare grieve
For this deserted anniversary
Where horned a hope sobs in the wilderness
By the thunderbolt of the day.

Footfall echoing down the long ruins of midnight
Knock like a heart in a box
Through the aural house and the sybilline cave
Where once Cecilia shook her singing veils,
Echo and mourn. Footstepping word, attend her,
Here, where, bird of answer, she prevails.

Sleep, wormeaten weepers. Silence is her altar.
To the drum of the skull, muffled
In a dark time, the sigh is a hecatomb.
Tender Cecilia silence. Silence is tender
As never a voice was. Now, dumb-
Struck she mourns in the catacombs of her grandeur.

O stop the calling killer in the skull
Like beasts we turn towards!
For was the nightriding siren beautiful
Caterwauling war until her bed was full
Of the uxorious dead?
Let the great moaners of the Seven Seas
And only heaven mourn
With the shipwrecked harp of creation on their knees
Till Cecilia turns to a stone.

GEORGE BARKER

Correspondence

LABOUR'S PROSPECTS

SIR,—I read with interest Critic's comments on the North Kensington L.C.C. by-election. I agree that the result is an encouragement to Labour, but I must question his analysis of the causes.

The "expert opinion that a low poll still favours the Tories" has surely been proved wrong by the municipal elections of the last two years, during which the average number of voters has risen from about a third to a half, and Labour has suffered severe losses. To be more precise, only 26 per cent. of the electorate voted in the 1945 L.C.C. elections, when Labour did very well: this year the figure was 43 per cent. and the Tories almost gained control. Surely the reason for this is that the solid core of Socialists has always voted, whereas it is only since 1947 that Lord Woolton's machine has succeeded in persuading both the convinced Tories and some of the floating voters to take an interest in municipal elections.

Possibly Labour's success in Kensington, and in by-elections generally, was due to the fact that Transport House is still much more skilful than the Tories in mobilising support from other areas when the contest is local; but when, as last May, there are elections on a national scale, the average local Tory organisation can now hold its own with Labour, and is often superior. This is the danger that Labour must not disregard next year.

J. R. JAMESON

Balliol College,
Oxford.

THE SHILLING FEE

SIR,—Lewis Carroll appears accurately to have anticipated the spirit of the new National Health Service policy. He wrote:

"Speak roughly to your little boy
And beat him when he sneezes
He only does it to annoy
Because he knows it teases"

That the Government *must* seek means of reducing expenditure is painfully understandable, but that they should seek to do so by punishing the sick for their sickness is contrary to all principles of equity—not to mention insurance.

The suggested sickness fine (it is not less than that) derives from the belief that the majority of prescription-seekers are malingerers. This is a view which no doctor or pharmacist (however rabidly anti-N.H.S.) could ever accept. In point of fact, and in contrast with the frivolous "natterings" of the past year on the subject, most unprejudiced observers of the workings of the Act believe that less than 5 per cent of the surgery-frequenters can be said to be not in need of medical advice and treatment. Certainly many more now visit their doctors, but an increase in prescriptions issued does not necessarily connote hypochondria, but indicates, rather, earlier attention to ill-health, resulting in real benefits to general well-being. A dose (as well as a stitch) in time, saves nine.

Even so, the apprehensions of the Government over the cost of the Service can well be understood, however fruitfully the money is being spent; for not even Mr. Bevan believes in its flawlessness in its present form. But the method of reducing expenditure, by fining the sick, makes up in clumsiness what it lacks in equity.

There has been criticism even of the ordering of small amounts of cotton wool or aspirin. Why *should* a doctor order large amounts of these or anything else without need? And must the patient defer his visit until his state is so severe that only large quantities of medicines will do?

However, since the Service must be made to pay, it would be more honest—and simpler—if, at one end, the general weekly contribution were increased by a couple of pence, and if there were, at the other end, a judicious pruning of the grosser prodigalities, e.g.:

(a) There should be introduced a proscription of prescriptions for expensive "proprietaries" where 100 per cent-equivalent inexpensive alternatives exist.

(b) Patients should bring, or pay for all bottles. At the moment, they find their way to the dustbin. About 4 per cent of the medicinal bill is accountable to bottles.

(c) There should be increased facilities for repairing—quite apart from replacing—dentures, spectacles, trusses etc.

(d) The "Sunday" quality elastic hosiery, the spare truss, the additional pair of spectacles, should not be permitted except on the payment of a very substantial supplement.

H. G. MILNER, M.P.S.

WHITE SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—In your issue of November 5, you published a letter from Charles Ould, who referred to a "spread of native education, already far more extensive in the Union than anywhere else in Africa." This statement is wholly false.

I resided in the Union at a time when there were still remnants of the Exeter Hall tradition. The only form of higher education then available to the Bantu was what devoted Methodist and Presbyterian missionaries dependent on overseas financial support provided at Fort Hare in the Ciskei. Since then I have kept in touch with the few surviving colleagues who do subscribe to "the civilised values for which we" (of this journal) "stand." It is their unanimous testimony that things have gone from bad to far, far worse since I myself listened in at sessions of the Legislature during the passage of the notorious Native Bills.

Meanwhile, the Colonial Office has in fact set up in Nigeria a University College of which my friend Dr. Kenneth Mellanby is Principal. Charles Ould cites no facts or figures to show that the South African chromatocracy have done anything whatever for higher education of the Bantu or that they have taken any steps to liquidate illiteracy among the native farm labourers of the Orange Free State.

In drawing your attention to this singular omission, I have no fear that my fellow-countrymen will fail to respond appropriately to the malign candour of Dr. Malan. The danger is that they will be deflected from their duty by Pecksniffian propaganda of the "many others" who have long since forgotten the moral responsibilities of bearing an English name. For our plain duty is now to declare South Africa a pariah nation unworthy to be associated with the British Commonwealth at a time when we are giving a new meaning to the British way of life.

The Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has done a public service by exposing the reintroduction of slavery in this delinquent community where profit-making corporations are now promoting private jails to supply Bantu convict labour to the sadists of the Backveld. With this disclosure comes the news that Dr. (the Hon.) Nnando Azikwe is visiting Prague to present the Nigerian case for full independence to the International Conference on Human Relations. It will be difficult to convince the Kremlin that a Labour Government is belatedly seeking to do the right thing for Africans; but we can do something to rehabilitate our credentials in Africa itself, if we dissociate ourselves from a nation now irrevocably committed to the practice of a doctrine we hanged Alfred Rosenberg for preaching. Nothing could do more to reinforce Britain's moral prestige than the expulsion of the Union of South Africa from the Commonwealth, before the Union, as it certainly will do, deprives us of taking the initiative.

Queen's Court, LANCELOT HOGBEN
Birmingham.

SIR,—I feel that your recent observations on South Africa, whilst they are very pertinent, rather fall short. They tend to give the impression that the black situation in that unhappy country has developed since the election of the Malan Government last year.

On the other hand, I think that more editorial comment might have been made on one or two of the recent letters from South Africa.

It cannot be sufficiently stressed, I feel, that the actions of the Malan Government are merely different in degree from those of the previous administrations. Even if the building of the private jails on the farms is new, the deportation of native criminals (and a whole article could be devoted to the ease with which a native can be accused of a criminal act) to slave labour on the farms is not an innovation. It was the previous administration that arbitrarily incorporated South West Africa into the Union, causing a considerable worsening of the position of the Hereros of whom Rev. Michael Scott wrote in his memorandum to Uno: "the danger is sensed more strongly of the growth of an oppressive form of racial oligarchy in South Africa bringing the African people into a permanent condition of servitude." And now, Dr. Malan again demands the incorporation of the Protectorates, following logically the White South African policy of racial superiority.

Mr. Ould's letter, on November 5th, endeavoured to explain and justify the attitude on two counts. The belief in racial individuality and White ascendency. This approach may satisfy some readers. But the attitudes of mind and the actions taken when such a philosophy is adopted must not be ignored. No previous administration has fought against these principles, nor have they even, despite Mr. Ould's assertions, got down to the problem of housing, feeding or training the Bantu.

Racial superiority, Herrenvolkism, the denial of the fundamental rights of man have the same corroding effects whether preached by Hitler, Smuts or Malan.

The crimes committed against the non-European in South Africa must be laid at the door of the whole White community, not sections of it.

St. Catharine's College, A. ZEV HARRIS
Cambridge.

MARGINAL EFFICIENCY

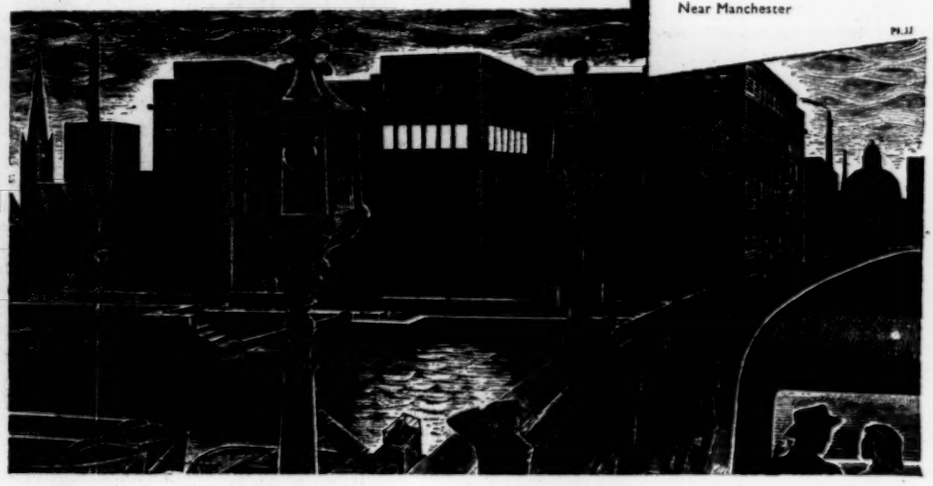
SIR,—Clearly the mountains have been in labour. The Government announces its programme of modest cuts, but otherwise seems paralysed. The General Council of the T.U.C. has nothing further to suggest. But THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—yes! At last, in your article—The Next Step—is a proposal to transform the economic scene, to lift us out of our present plight in the first unfavourable squall of the buyer's market; a proposal to make Britain a land of plenty, and to fit us to weather the storms that may be expected in the future. "A tight squeeze on prices," you say, "to make efficiency a condition of business survival."

It would be unkind to dwell on the vista of numerous bankruptcies, or the hordes of officials pouring in to take over the inefficient firms "squeezed" out. Rather should praise be given to your exposition of the fact that an economic sanction is a legitimate means of promoting efficiency among a group of human beings—namely, business men. ("Sub-human" do I hear you remark?)

Workers are also human inhabitants of the Welfare

When sudden overload or storm damage interrupts the mains, you will see, in any darkened urban area, some few lighted buildings here and there: hospitals, factories, public buildings, stores and cinemas. Places where sudden darkness holds risks too great to be tolerated and a battery stands by against emergency. In buildings such as these, all over Britain, Chloride Batteries are on duty; and the list of new installations increases steadily. The Chloride Electrical Storage Company, originators and makers of the Keepalite automatic emergency lighting system, have over 50 years' experience of battery design and manufacture. Chloride, Exide and Exide-Ironclad Batteries can be trusted: and they are.

THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED
Exide Works, Clifton Junction
Near Manchester



WHY
are prices low and output high in steel?

Now that we are fighting for markets overseas it is good to know that competition among the firms in steel is giving us record output at low costs.

That is why the Government can fix the prices of our steel so low, while the workers in steel who give us such fine output are among the best paid in Britain.

This great industry is unique in already combining Government supervision with the great advantages of free enterprise working in the best interests of Britain.

STEEL
is serving you well

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

20/- Bottle

A glass of DRY FLY SHERRY is the ideal aperitif, and is a gracious welcome to your guests. Obtainable all over the world from your own Wine Merchant, or from:

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King.
Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

PRESENTS
for
PARTICULAR
PEOPLE

HEAL'S
please write for catalogue to:
196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W.1

State, suffering from the same human frailties as business men. Yet in all your articles since September 24, there appears no mention of any "squeeze" suitable for workers. Would it be impertinent to inquire if your proposals (if any) on this side of the problem are reserved for a much later article, to be entitled perhaps—The Last (and very reluctant) Step?

W. NORMAN

Hampstead.

THE GOLD COAST

SIR,—I should like to make a few comments on your article on the report of the Coussey Commission on constitutional changes in the Gold Coast.

1. Whilst the membership of the Commission was "all-African," it was appointed by the British Government and cannot therefore be regarded as a democratic constitution-making body.

2. The proposals of the report fall short of self-government and cannot be expected therefore to satisfy the aspirations of the people of the Gold Coast.

3. The whole of the Cabinet is not to be elected.

4. The use of the term "veto" and the provisions for reserve powers for the Governor suggest that he will remain the *de facto* supreme authority.

5. Candidates for the House of Assembly are limited by an income qualification; the age minimum for voters is 25 years, whereas the traditional definition of an adult in the Gold Coast is "aged 18 or married"; and it appears that voters are to be restricted to taxpayers and ratepayers.

6. There is no clear definition of the sovereignty to be enjoyed by the House of Assembly, particularly in relation to the declaration of war.

If we are to secure the goodwill and co-operation of the peoples of the Gold Coast, we ought now to repeat our action in India and to facilitate the democratic election of a Constituent Assembly, to which the report of the Coussey Commission should be submitted with full rights to amend it or to adopt alternative proposals.

FENNER BROCKWAY,
Chairman,
Congress of Peoples against Imperialism,
8 Hillside Gardens, Highgate, N.6.

GATESHEAD CAMPAIGN

SIR,—This is to thank all those who were good enough to respond to my appeal through your columns a few months ago, asking for support for my political campaign for democracy in the Labour Party, honesty in politics and a Socialist policy capable of lifting us out of the mess into which we are sinking and ending the drift to war.

The responses came from as widely scattered places as an island off the coast of British Columbia, Mexico, Switzerland and India, not to mention the Californian coast, the Mid West and New York in the U.S.A. and several places in Canada. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION certainly "gets around!"

If anyone wishes to help in any way or wants further information about the appeal and the campaign, which are still running, I hope he or she will communicate with me.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Sir,—A newspaper report this week states that the chairman of East London Juvenile Court said to a man who refused to allow his eight-year-old son to be punished at school: "You have no say in the matter. There are occasions when a child is all the better for a thrashing. If they deserve to be thrashed, they must be thrashed."

The alarming feature of this report is that apparently the law office, not the education office, controls education. It is obvious that the chairman is ignorant of child psychology, that he is dictating a system of revenge and hate that is condemned by practically every psychologist and child therapist in the country. I grant that I have no notion of why the boy was to be punished, but I know that corporal punishment never cured anyone of anything; I know that hate must breed hate, and, rationalise it how we may, thrashing is hate writ large, and every beaten child knows it.

One distressing feature of this case is this . . . that, thirty years after Homer Lane in his Little Commonwealth proved that the only way to cure children was by love and self-determination, a juvenile court should have to advocate an ancient barbaric code. And I should like to know the chairman's answer to this question: Why is it that most countries in the world have abolished corporal punishment in school, and seem to get on well without it? The most embarrassing question I get fired at me when I lecture in Scandinavia or America is this one: "Why does Britain retain beating of children?" Next time I can answer with at least partial truth . . . Because children are under the control of those who don't like children and don't understand children and don't understand that beating a child in England and beating a Jew in Hitler Germany are the same thing, differing only in degree.

A. S. NEILL

DICKENS'S LETTERS

SIR,—Work has recently begun on the preparation of a new edition of Dickens's letters. The publishers will be Messrs. Rupert Hart-Davis Ltd., to whom the rights in both the Nonesuch Press edition of the collected letters and the book called *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens* have been granted. In addition to this, the project has the full support of the Dickens family, together with permission to use all available new material. The Dickens Fellowship is already giving its active help.

An Advisory Board has been formed, consisting of Professor John Butt of King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Mr. Henry C. Dickens, O.B.E., Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis, Mr. A. N. L. Munby, Fellow and Librarian of King's College, Cambridge, Mr. Leslie C. Staples (Editor of *The Dickensian*), Count de Suzannet and Mr. James Thornton. I have accepted the work of editing the letters, with Mr. K. J. Fielding as my assistant.

To make the edition as complete and accurate as possible (for the Nonesuch edition is in neither respect perfect) we are anxious to trace not only unpublished autograph letters of Dickens but also the originals of letters already in print, either whole or in part.

We therefore ask all private owners, and librarians who have charge, of Dickens manuscript letters if they will kindly inform us, in general or in detail, of what they have in their possession. At this stage we are not asking for originals or transcripts or photographs to be sent, but we propose to write later direct to libraries and owners for permission to make or check transcripts in whatever way seems most convenient.

We particularly want to trace the present ownership and location of letters which we know to exist only from sale catalogues and similar sources. To this end any information, even the slightest clue, about changes of ownership would be welcome. It is well known that there are Dickens letters lurking in small private collections of autographs, etc., and we should be most glad to hear from those who may own or have news of any.

Will all correspondents please write to me c/o Rupert Hart-Davis Ltd., 53 Connaught Street, London, W.2.?

HUMPHRY HOUSE

Wadham College, Oxford.

AN EAR FOR POETRY

SIR,—Poetry is not only perceived with the ear, but also through the complicated sequence of movements made by the speech organs: i.e., sound patterns are based on movement patterns. These movements are partly gestural, having their own "associational echoes" (to quote Mr. Davy) and partly physical patterns, very rhythmical, and as complicated in their "meaning" as ballet: part of the poetic "meaning" lies in them.

Concentration on visual education (books, written examinations, etc.) in the last few generations has drained attention from these movements, and they have become devitalised; the ear, too, suffers from not being fed by a physical response.

By all means, as Miss Skett suggests, use movements of the "body" to "clarify" the rhythmic meaning of poetry but do not forget that the movements of the speech organs are the physical basis for the poet's expression of his meaning: not the whole meaning of course, but an essential part.

RACHEL E. MARSHALL

4 Clare Road, Cambridge.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

For six months in the autumn of 1947 and the winter of 1948 Mr. Christopher Isherwood travelled from the top of the South American leg of mutton in Venezuela down to the knuckle in Buenos Aires.* Half of the journey followed the Pacific side under the Andes where the glaciers look down on the banana plantations, where the traveller lies sweating in the hammock of his river steamer one week, and is shot up to 8,000 feet the next, through fog and rain. Through Colombia, bookish and political and full of poets in its drizzle, into the poverty of Ecuador, still complaining of the effects of Spanish colonial rule and hoping Shell will strike oil there, down to Peru and its murderous factions, to Bolivia and La Paz. Brazil and Chile are not in this itinerary. Nor is Uruguay, the political and social Switzerland of the continent, the country of education and philosophy, too good to be true. But what has been left would only add to the general impression of violence which Mr. Isherwood puts in cinema trailer form at the end. "Bang, bang, bang, right through to the end, and so we say farewell, the old gag: you've got to see it with the music, it makes all the difference." I seem to hear voices from the studio, as he intercuts the well-known "land of contrasts" theme—and finishes the job off in Hollywood style:

> Condors circling over cows. Air-line passengers looking down on pack trains of llama. Brand-new Cadillacs honking at mules. Coco-cola cuties on mud huts. A blond Negro talking Spanish to a red-headed Chinese. A filthy bare-foot little boy stridently selling lottery tickets in a luxurious fake Tudor-bar . . . A murderer sneaking out with his prison guard to visit a brother and a movie.

Hollywood would have coarse gibes at a good deal of that and, on second thoughts, Russia, China, India, Africa, the United States and all Europe are "lands of contrast." But after we have had our pained, civilised ass-laugh at the platitude, we have to recognise that it's ferocious truth. The phrase hits the real world revolution and projects the misery of the next hundred years on earth. The descendants of the Incas when they "study Marx, the Trinity or the inside of a jeep," the Indian savage who goes home by the Company aeroplane after a successful vengeance on his neighbours—three killed for the price of his father—are not occupied with the disinterested pursuit of pure knowledge or the cultivation of human relations. And nature and man are in accord:

> It is a land of violence. Thunder and avalanches in the mountains; huge floods and storms in the plains. Volcanoes exploding. The earth shaking and splitting. The woods full of savage beasts and poisonous insects and deadly snakes. Knives are whipped out at a word. Whole families are murdered without any reason. Riots are sudden and bloody and often meaningless. Cars and trucks are driven into each other or over cliffs with an indifference which is half suicidal. Such an energy in destruction. Such an apathy when something has to be mended or built . . . The shrug of the shoulders and the faint smile of cynicism. No good. Too late. It's gone. Finished. Broken. They're all dead. Ignore it. Use the other door. Sleep in another room. Throw it in the gutter. Tie the ends together with string. Put up a memorial cross.

From the mild windows of the Welfare State, we gaze at our Wordsworthian cows, suck our free teeth, wonder if we are too pleasant and eccentric to survive in the modern world and comfort ourselves with the reflection that it is the man with the technique, and the technique of the technique, who has the respite.

The picture of Mr. Isherwood walking round the edge of the cauldron is worrying and diverting. Travel of his kind is a sort of brilliant impudence; it draws on the gifts of philandering and lightness of touch. He has the rare gift of superficiality; it is one which is remarkably lacking in the light literature of travel where the writers as a rule, seem to have found no means of disposing of what Thurber might call "the author in me." Their luggage is all over the page. At every turn, they seem to be asking themselves, "What *ought* I to say?" And then, so much of light travel is done in high spirits by people who are not naturally high-spirited and who are, in their hearts, ashamed of not knowing the country. Above all, travel requires modesty and—though there are exceptions:- Borrow is one—an unsnobbish, unpriggish pleasure in anonymity, the ability to travel on the eye and a few private fusses alone. A little anxiety is excellent, too. In the end, it comes down to disposing of oneself. None of these virtues is attained without thought—one has to train to be natural—and Mr. Isherwood is himself because he is trained. That can be seen when one tests him on the brief description:

> Curaçao: the long barren island, shaped like a ship hit broadside by a gale—it seems to be listing.
>
> Now and then a great white heron beats slowly over the river or settles peacefully into a bed of orange blossom, as if the whole tree were its nest.

Or on the careful placing of a commonplace reflection—the touch of nature that reassures without choking us:

> Cumulus clouds are grouped along the sea-line like crumbling Greek monuments. The ocean seems immemorially old—as indeed it is.
>
> Maybe at that moment I wasn't feeling anything (about Venezuela); we were simply there.

Or move to a longer passage, where the writer could be tempted to regurgitate the guide-book, when he is in fact torn between culture, human nature, sore feet and a destructive thirst. Why pretend? Mr. Isherwood is writing carelessly, but the imp of fuss and normality rescues him:

> We also visited the city walls and some of the churches. Our appearance attracted a swarm of schoolboys, anxious to air their English and perhaps even earn something as amateur guides. They became a great nuisance. Finally in San Pedro Claver we tried to get rid of them by kneeling down to pray. Not in the least abashed, one of the boys immediately knelt beside me, crossed himself and started chattering in my ear. Another mounted the steps of the high altar and pointed to the gilded chest which holds the tiny body of the saint. "Psst! Psst!" he called. "Look, mister! Come here! Look! Psst!" I tried to think about San Pedro Claver, who used to beg from door to door for money to give to Negroes who were brought here in the slave ships—the Slave of the Slaves, they called him, but it was impossible. We had to leave. When we got back to the hotel we found that Caskey's swimming trunks, which he had left to dry on the balcony outside our room, had been stolen.

And personal health is made to convey its own, often neglected, suggestions:

> Everyone tells us that we picked the worst time of the year to come here (to Bogotá). It has rained on and off nearly every day. And the town itself is rather sombre; the houses are seldom brightly painted and the inhabitants tend to dress in quiet dark colours. Then there is the altitude, which affects you in various mildly unpleasant ways; gives pains known as Bogotá belly, or a tightness round the heart muscles, or a vague irrational sense of anxiety, as it you had forgotten some important obligation. In the mornings I feel tense, restless and uneasy; in the afternoons lazy, exhausted and sad.

The changing pulse, the quick eye that refuses no sight are the making of *The Condor and the Cows*. For six months that astonishing eye has not been still. It seems even to have been awake all night; and the result is that, although one has not been carried on by eloquence or instruction, and is not vastly more informed about the continent than one was before reading him, Mr. Isherwood has conveyed the crowded effervescence of being there; he has persuaded one, that on such a trip, this is exactly what the normal, nonplussed traveller would have seen and heard on a journey that was undramatic and unromantic, but was heady, busy, disturbing.

He has broken a continent down into days, introduced the ripple of time into the picture, the flash of the passing moment. There is an enormous number of people in the book; writers, painters, politicians, oilmen, soldiers. They appear in cafés, institutes, offices, parties, in the exuberant rush of fast car driving and social life, all opinionating and declaiming; yet all with their opinions sorted out, and we have an agreeable, clear, feeling impression of who they are. Mr. Isherwood's mind is the lightest of nets, and most skilfully managed.

The one unusual element in his book is the number of contacts with poets, novelists, critics, painters, professors and priests. He gossips shrewdly about them; the "cultural contact" always has been the indispensable approach to South Americans; though how long that will continue to be true is doubtful, especially in a country like the Argentine where nationalism begins to foul its own nest. What must strike the reader who knows Spain but not South America, is how powerful the Spanish tradition is; and I wonder if Mr. Isherwood had left Europe instead of New York, for South America, whether some of his surprises would have been as strong. The *mœurs* of Buenos Aires are, as he says, closely like those of Madrid a generation ago: the New World goes ahead with one foot and stays behind Europe with the other. The first of his general impressions would confirm this: "we have been travelling through an Empire in dissolution." The several states have the neurotic New World fear of central authority. Decades of upheaval, mob rule, military rule and endless violence seem to him, the prospect:

> A social revolution is taking place and political parties like the Communists or the Apristas of Peru, claim to lead it; but the revolution is greater than they are . . . They may help it or later obstruct it. They may encourage it to commit unnecessary acts of violence, or they may restrain it from such acts. An intervention in excess of this is merely due to the personal ambition of men who hope to find themselves in power when the smoke and dust have cleared away.

The Condor and the Cows is not the Isherwood we have known, it is a larger, cinematic version, but the smaller, agile, eel-quick figure is there inside, and the two have made between them an irresistible feature. The pictures are admirable. Caskey, who didn't speak much at the parties, is an excellent photographer.

V S. Pritchett

* *The Condor and the Cows.* By Christopher Isherwood. *Methuen.* 21s.

THE GROWTH OF SCIENCE

The Origins of Modern Science. By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD. *Bell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Science Past and Present. By F. SHERWOOD TAYLOR. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Power and Limits of Science. By E. F. CALDIN. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Each age has its own way of setting out the sum of knowledge : it singles out one or two central interests, and it views and orders the rest by these. Thus the eighteenth century, because it was busy at making the clock work, looked in each part of nature for the clockwork. The nineteenth century was dominated by the economics of Malthus, and so it saw within all phenomena, dead as well as living, the to-and-fro of the struggle for survival.

To-day this place at the centre of knowledge has passed to history. The choice is odd in an age which has no historians to rank with Gibbon, Macaulay, Ranke, or even Marx—who single-handed did most to work the change. But however odd, history has become our accustomed way of thinking, whether about astronomy or *Gulliver's Travels* or art. Indeed, the point can be made with some malice about art, as André Malraux did in *Le Musée Imaginaire* : that ours is the first age which has put history in the place of taste, by admiring the art of all peoples and periods at once.

It is therefore natural that scientists have shifted attention from the techniques to the development of their subject ; natural, and helpful to scientists and laymen alike. But the interest of Professor Butterfield's book is greater than this. For he is not a scientist, using history as a device in the teaching of scientific ideas. He is a professional historian who has served his term and written the proper books about Machiavelli and Napoleon and George III. He does not bring history to the aid of science ; history for him is its own end ; and if he writes about science, it is because history can no longer be written without it. Science has come of age among historians, and Professor Butterfield's book is the acknowledgment.

It is a handsome acknowledgment. Professor Butterfield grants roundly at the outset that the customary way of dividing European history "has become an anachronism and an encumbrance." And he grants the reason as boldly : because we now see that the scientific revolution in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries "outshines everything since the rise of Christianity and reduces the Renaissance and Reformation to the rank of mere episodes." This is a larger claim than most scientists would make, but Professor Butterfield argues it warmly, and when towards the end of the book he marshals the argument in a chapter on *The Place of the Scientific Revolution in the History of Western Civilisation*, it makes fascinating reading.

It is indeed all a fascinating story. It begins at the Middle Ages, which took their picture of the workings of the world from Aristotle. This was a world ordered by what Shakespeare later called "degree" : there was a hierarchy even within matter, and the four elements sought for rest by straining towards their natural places in that hierarchy. The world was therefore kept in movement only because it failed to reach this divine but fatal fulfilment. That picture was made over, piece by piece, until at last it had been changed to the eighteenth-century picture of a self-righting and self-winding machine. Professor Butterfield traces the scattered steps of the change, in anatomy, in magnetism ; in logic and in method ; and, of course, in celestial mechanics. This is a discursive history of ideas, and we are given it studded a little heavily with great historical truths. But it is a history of ideas in the living context of those who held them ; and Professor Butterfield also sees these societies plainly, and sketches them firmly. Here his book is most rounded, and is, at its best, a monument not merely to the march but to the growth of ideas.

Dr. Sherwood Taylor's *Science Past and Present* is a more humdrum book altogether. The task which it sets itself is indeed ambitious, for it follows the sequence of scientific techniques throughout recorded and pre-recorded history. But the treatment does not look below the surface ; and the most interesting things in the book are the extracts, at the end of each short chapter, from the scientific work of that period. These make an admirable and a delightful exposition for the sixth form, and I recommend the book to those who are looking for a Christmas present for a bright boy in the Science Sixth or a Technical College.

Dr. Sherwood Taylor ends his book with some general thoughts about science and ethics, and these have prompted me to couple with it Mr. Caldin's *The Power and Limits of Science*, although it is not a historical book. Mr. Caldin is a scientist who shares Dr. Taylor's Christian outlook, and he develops it at length, with great clarity and directness. He holds that science covers only a part of our interests, and answers only some of the questions which men in fact ask, with or without the by-your-leave of logical positivists. Few will quarrel with this as a statement about the present, or I imagine about any foreseeable future. But Mr. Caldin goes on to make it the grounds for believing that science can say nothing about the problems of value ; for introducing an ethic of religious values; and for supporting this with the scholastic logic of Thomas Aquinas, which seems to him to show greater insight here than do the methods of science. Each of these three steps seems to me false, and to go flatly against what historical evidence we have. To begin at the third : Aquinas more than anyone was responsible for the hold which Aristotle's physics kept on his and later times ; so that he is a poor witness and a poorer judge in an argument about the scope of science, about which he was so woefully mistaken. As for the second : it is possible to hold that science has no bearing on human values, and still to construct a rational ethic which makes no call on God ; George Eliot, Huxley and Clifford did so.

But it is of course the first of Mr. Caldin's steps which should be challenged. Why is it so widely granted that the methods of thought and generalisation used in science do not reach to problems of value ? I know nothing to suggest that the creation of value concepts is an activity which is fundamentally different from that which goes into creating such concepts as space, time, the physical universe, the organisation of the nervous system, or the ecology of host and enzyme. Mr. Caldin sees no likeness here, for two reasons. Like most writers on science (including Dr. Taylor and Professor Butterfield) he is obsessed by the methods of physics. And more particularly, he sees all these methods as based upon measurement : science to him is speculation about what can be measured. But measurement is quite incidental to science ; the objects in science are whatever can be defined in a way which has meaning for most people ; and what can be measured is merely the simplest among such objects. Science is concerned with function, with structure, with relation and with organisation. The concepts of value are not simple, even when put beside these ; and it is certainly not obvious either that they are empty fictions, or that they are God-given. It is surely time that we thought about their relation to scientific concepts less dogmatically and more deeply.

J. BRONOWSKI

FABER BOOKS

DAYS FOR DECISION **Anthony Eden**
This timely and important book contains a selection of Mr. Eden's speeches in the critical years between 1946 and 1949, and contains a positive alternative to Socialism. 9/6

THE EDGE OF BEING **Stephen Spender**
New poems. 7/6

THE BEDSIDE BARSETSHIRE
edited by **L. O. Tingay**
This beautifully produced volume, with its decorated binding and delightful drawings by Gwen Raverat, is not just another Trollope anthology, but presents a composite picture of Barset from the five Barset novels.
Illustrated. 15/-

SCRIBBLING LARK **Henry Williamson**
The whole family will be entaralled by this tale of how an old horse won the Derby, assisted by his animal and human friends. 7/6

HIGHLAND PACK **Neil M. Gunn**
A truly wonderful book of Highland reminiscences, rangin ; from nature, wild life and agriculture, to people, customs and islands. *Illustrated.* 12/6

TREES HAVE NAMES **Adrian Hill**
Both country and art lovers will cherish this series of some forty magnificent portraits of trees, seen in both Summer and Winter.
5 pages of drawings. 21/-

SCHOLARS' FAIR

The Three Parnassus Plays. Edited, with an Introduction and Commentary, by J. B. LEISHMAN. *Nicholson & Watson.* 42*s.*

"Little knows the world what belongs to the keeping of a good wit in waters, dietts, drinckes, Tobacco, etc." Across more than three centuries the indignant reproach wakes a lively echo. Little indeed ! "It is a daynty and costly creature, and therefore I must be payd sweetly : furnish me with mony, that I may put myselfe in a new sute of clothes . . ." The reverses suffered by "good wits" and "schollers," in their various shifts to induce the world to furnish them with money, were the subject of three plays produced and acted by students of St. John's College, Cambridge, somewhere about the turn of Queen Elizabeth's century. Their authorship is unknown.

Ingenioso, who thus asserts what's due to his wit, has just refused an offer of "40 shillings and an odd pottle of wine" from a disreputable printer for the exclusive rights in his latest book, *A Catalogue of Cambridge Cuckolds*. Forty shillings was the customary price, and the printer won't pay more until he's satisfied that the book is really scandalous. In his suggestive introduction Mr. Leishman supports, with much detail, a conjecture that *Ingenioso* is a portrait of Nashe, who had matriculated from St. John's in October, 1582. Whether he is so or not, *Ingenioso* is by far the liveliest character of these plays. His dealings with the printer and with stingy or vain patrons make sound, straightforward, amusing satire. On and off the stage with him are a number of other fledged scholars (*Philomusus, Studioso, Luxurio, Academico, Furor Poeticus, Judicio, and Phantasma*) who've made the journey to Parnassus (*i.e.*, been to the University and taken their degrees), but afterwards find the world "unkind."

> Why, our empty handed sattin sutes doe make more accounte of some foggie faulkner, than of a wittie scholler, had rather rewarde a man for setting of a hayre, than a man of wit for making of a poeme. Each long eared ass rides on his trappinges and thinkes it sufficiente to give a scholler a majesticke nodde with his rude nodle.

Patrons and the chances of patronage, simony, the boorish ill-will of lawyers and country knights, the hard-handedness of town tradesmen and village overseers, the bumptiousness of the professional actors (the Burbages and Kempes),

No Cause for Alarm

VIRGINIA COWLES

Author of *Looking for Trouble*

A study of trends in England today, which includes vivid portraits of Churchill, Bevin, Cripps, Eden and other leading statesmen.

15s. *net*

I Leap over the Wall

A Return to the World after 28 years in a Convent

MONICA BALDWIN

Book Society Recommend 15s. *net*

The Pleasures of Pope

Introduced and Selected by

PETER QUENNELL

'A handsome and excellently chosen anthology of the best of Pope.'—*Spectator*

15s. *net*

Behind Europe's Curtain

JOHN GUNTHER

'His book is almost a new edition of *Inside Europe* with which he made his name thirteen years ago, and it deserves as large a sale. No other author has yet produced so interesting a portrait gallery of communist leaders.'—*The Listener.* 15s. *net*

THE NOVEL LIBRARY

Complete

Jane Austen

'The pleasantest pocket classics I know.'—V. S. PRITCHETT (*New Statesman*)

'This well printed, conveniently portable, exceptionally attractive edition of famous novels.'—DESMOND MACCARTHY (*Sunday Times*)

6 volumes. Boxed. 36s. *net*

Recent Successes

Trial and Error
CHAIM WEIZMANN

Fabled Shore
ROSE MACAULAY

The Beast in Me
JAMES THURBER

Love in a Cold Climate
NANCY MITFORD

A Tale of Poor Lovers
VASCO PRATOLINI

The Little Sister
RAYMOND CHANDLER

HAMISH HAMILTON LTD

The Currency of Criticism

It has never been the habit of The Times Literary Supplement to debase the currency of criticism by the lavish use of superlatives. In distinguishing the good book, on whatever subject, from the flood that pours from the world's presses to-day it is content to be informed and balanced, wearing its learning lightly while preserving a sense of permanent literary values. The common reader, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, who is uncorrupted by literary prejudice will find The Times Literary Supplement an unfailing stimulus and critical guide.

Place an order with your usual bookstall or newsagent
Price 3d. every Friday

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A Concise Economic History of Britain

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO A.D. 1750

By

SIR JOHN CLAPHAM

A survey of the foundations of English life from the beginnings, through the agricultural and mercantile changes of the Middle Ages, to the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. Proportion, a judicious balance of generalisation against telling detail, and an incisive style, distinguish this book as popular writing of the best kind. The manuscript was found ready for press at the author's death.

12s. 6d. *net*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Age of Constantine the Great

By JACOB BURCKHARDT

"... The theme is the mighty one of transition from an old world to a new, and Burckhardt's treatment has the splendid clarity of a maestoso fugue."—*The Observer.*

18s. net

Political Thought in France from the Revolution to the Fourth Republic

By J. P. MAYER

A new edition of a standard work. "His book is one of that small class which is of permanent value."—*Listener.* In the International Library of Sociology. 12s. 6d. net

Poems of John Clare's Madness

Edited with an introduction

By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

"Mr. Grigson's introduction recounts stirringly the difficulties and overstrains endured by the village poet whose finest poetry grew from the wild life not only of nature but of his own heart."—*Manchester Guardian.* With 4 illustrations. 21s. net

A Calendar of British Taste: 1600 to 1800

By E. F. CARRITT

A fascinating picture of British taste in art, nature and manners during the centuries 1600 to 1800. It is an anthology, arranged year by year, from novels, poetry, letters, essays, advertisements and diaries of the period. 21s. net

ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL

the abuses of land-mortgage and publishing: on all these rebuke falls. The *Parnassus Plays* criticise the time's deformity through scholars' eyes.

The scholars complain, but they complain vigorously. "Ile be paid deare even for the dreggs of my wit." What strikes one now is that the scholars still had power to annoy. Their "thwick thwack tearmes" gave pain. The purse-owning world might starve them, but their insults left it uneasy, not indifferent. Old *Sir Raderick*, satirised knight, and the *Recorder* spent a scene uttering wary disgruntlement. "In the meane time, howsoever I hate them all deadly, yet I am fayne to give them good words." *Sir Raderick* had reason to complain, for a scholar had composed this verse about his daughter, "that learnes to play on the violl de *gambo*":—

> Her violl de *gambo* is her best content,
> For twixt her legges she holds her instrument.
> Very knavish, very knavish, if you looke into't, maister Recorder.

For himself, *Sir Raderick* hopes that one day "an old knight may have his wench in a corner without any Satyres or Epigrams."

In his fear and dislike of these "busye fellowes" *Sir Raderick* could get some comfort from the attitude of authority. As Mr. Leishman tells us, a statute against vagabondage of 1572 specifically included "all schollers of the Universityes of Oxford or Cambridge that goe about begginge . . ." On conviction, they were to be "grievously whipped and burnt through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron." A later statute merely varied the punishment to being "stripped naked from the middle upwardes and openly whipped untill his or her body be bloudye . . ." The power to annoy earned the tribute of disagreeable punishment. (Some years later Ben Jonson and Chapman were in danger of having their ears and noses "mutilated" on account of slighting references to the Scots in a play.) What the existence of such laws also suggests is the plight of the scholars; it puts the stamp of truth on the misfortunes presented in these plays. Scholars were likely, after getting their degrees, to join the great company of sturdy beggars and "masterless men" in Tudor England. They were upon the town, with no assured market for their wits, (and no British Council or Third Programme to offer indoor relief).

Perhaps it's this lack of a sheltered niche which accounts in part for a certain healthy insolence. The scholars rubbed the nose of all contemporary life in its faults and abuses. But they themselves were mixed up with the mess. *Ingenioso*, given two groats by a patron ("I tell thee Homer had scarse soe much bestowed upon him in all his life time") switches without a qualm from nauseating servility to ferocious satire. The scholars were just as ready to go for each other. Their quarrels were loud, prolonged, amusing. They were constantly trying to ward off insults by getting in their own insults first. *Ingenioso* and *Judicio*, "censuring" the contents of a contemporary anthology, criticise Ben Jonson as a "mere Empyrick, one that getts what he hath by observation . . ." Apparently Ben Jonson felt the sting of this criticism, for, Mr. Leishman tells us, he'd tried to anticipate it by making one of his own characters wish "your *Poets*, woulde not so penuriously gleane wit, from everie laundresse, or hackney-man . . ." It's the phrase "penuriously gleane wit" which sings out here with an unmodern sauciness. Scholars' humours were still the humours of life.

There's a touch of sadness in them too. The scholars do really have a bad time, at the end two of them decide to desert their calling and be shepherds,—

> So shall we shun the company of men,
> That growes more hatefull as the world growes old.

Queen Elizabeth's open times were shadowed already by narrower perspectives, more angular definitions. The wandering scholars of these plays seem to feel the approach of defeat, and of its sadness, also that they themselves stand for something: at bottom, for the rights of scholars and poets to be fed, rewarded, and acknowledged for the "pinching throes" of their labours. They detest the professional actors, who've grown rich and self-important solely through them; Burbage and Kempe are savagely satirised. But this sharp discriminating goes further than problems of simple survival and personal justice. An attitude to life lurks in it. There is a character here called *Amoretto*, a foolishly excessive lover. And of Shakespeare *Ingenioso* says:

> Who loves not *Adon's* love, or *Lucrece* rape?
> His sweeter verse contaynes hart robbing lines,
> Could but a graver subject him content,
> Without loves foolish lazy languishment?

Mr. Leishman is particularly interesting about this. "For the author," he writes, "Shakespeare is primarily the author of *Venus and Adonis*, *The Rape of Lucrece*, and *Romeo and Juliet*," and the first two were "examples of a kind of poetry which all the satirists were bitterly attacking." Perhaps the most interesting thing about this contemporary criticism is that it was not, in any sense, inspired by Puritan feeling. In the first of these plays a Puritan is ridiculed under the name of *Stupido*, and he is no friend to scholars or poets—

> . . . studie not [*Stupido* advises] these vaine artes of Rhetorique, Poetrie, and Philosophie: there is noe sounde edifying knowledge in them; why, they are more vaine than a paire of organs, or a morrice daunce . . . Why, you shall not see a Rhetorician, a rimer, a poet (as you call it) but he wears such diabolicall ruffs, and wicked great breeches full of sin, that it would make a zelous professors harte bleed for grife . . .

The two-way criticism is, in fact, a pre-Puritan protest, in the spirit of the age which was passing. The Parnassian satirists were as hostile to "loves foolish lazy languishment" as to those who sought sin in "wicked great breeches." Both were forms of distortion, extravagance, excess; sound human beings should reject them. This view had still one great champion to come. When Ben Jonson rebuked the "unwashed bawdry" of theatre fashions, and said that it was "impossible to be a good poet without first being a good man," he wasn't comforting Puritans. *Stupido* looks forward to *Zeal-of-the-Land Busy*, and the *Parnassus Plays* have something in them of Jonson's doughty rearguard humanism.

> I do not know what their sharp sight may see
> Of late, but I should think it still might be
> As't was, a happy age, when on the plains
> The woodman met the damsels, and the swains
> The neat-herds, ploughmen and the pipers loud,
> And each did dance, some to the kit or crowd,
> Some to the bag-pipe; some the tabret moved,
> And all did either love or were beloved.

"As t'was, a happy age." In these pretty lines Jonson wrote, thirty years later, a sort of epitaph. But when the *Parnassus Plays* were written the "foxfurd usurers" and other resolute pretenders to virtue were already heading for respectability with the stones of the scholars still whistling about them, but falling ever more short. Mr. Leishman earns our gratitude for an edition of these plays which contains hardly less general interest than scholarship.

GILES ROMILLY

STRAWS IN THE WIND

A Calendar of British Taste from 1600 to 1800. Arranged by E. F. CARRITT. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

Let us hope that one day some painstaking scholar with money, time and humour at his disposal will treat us to a full history of English Taste. Meanwhile we must fall back on the few writers who have nibbled at the subject—Messrs. Christopher Hussey, Frank P. Chambers and John Steegman, for instance. Now we have Mr. Carritt, who calls his new book a *Museum of Specimens and Landmarks*. Roughly what he covers with this *omnium gatherum* is the establishment of a classical canon in art and manners, and the romanticism, which at times paralleled and ultimately superseded it. "I have so often grown tired," the author writes, "in chewing the husks of literary and artistic history—the Augustan age, the Romantic Revival and such dusty labels—that, in order to hold some living picture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries before my mind, I took to keeping a commonplace book of my reading in the actual sources." The result is an entertaining bran-tub: there is no knowing what one may pull out—something strange or familiar, trivial or profound. In the year 1755 one finds Horace Walpole writing to R. Bentley that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is "forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera books." On another page one may merely turn up an entry as cryptic as the following, which would seem to have no relevance to taste: "Probably the first iron railway, at Whitehaven." Or again one may come upon some apparently unimportant fact such as "the most capital picture in Mr. Strange's last sale. It is a landscape by Nicholas Poussins (*sic*) and was purchased by Sir Watkyn Wynn at the sum of six hundred and fifty pounds . . . The prime cost was seven pounds odd shillings! and for that sum Poussins sold it." (F. Burney: *Early Diaries*. 1773.) This has turned out to be an important and forgotten reference which has thrown light on the pedigree of Poussin's landscape *The Man with the Snake*, recently acquired by the National Gallery.

A lucky dip, a vertical reading, a horizontal perusal—all are possible with this book. One can choose a painter or poet and follow the rise and fall of his reputation between poles of unreasoning favour and undeserved neglect. Take Rembrandt, for example: "We cannot find in *Rembrandt* either *Raphael's Gout*, or that of the *Antique*: or any Poetical Thoughts or Elegance of Design" (De Pile's *Abridgement*, translated 1706.): then "I love *la belle Nature*: Rembrandt paints caricatures" (Lord Chesterfield. 1751); while by 1758 Rembrandt is in favour and

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS 1949

Better Books booksellers of 94 Charing Cross Road, London, invite you to send for their 1949 **Christmas Catalogue of Books.** The Catalogue, which is illustrated, is divided into 9 sections, comprising:

- *Art & Architecture*
- *Drama, Ballet & Film*
- *Biography, Memoirs & History*
- *Fiction*
- *Humour*
- *Literature, Poetry, Belles-Lettres, etc.*
- *Music*
- *Travel*
- *Miscellaneous & Reprints*

—with titles from the lists of both famous & little-known publishers described in sufficient detail for an estimate of their differing merits to be made. Send a post-card bearing your name and address and the words "Christmas Catalogue" to Better Books and you will receive their 1949 Christmas Catalogue of Books.

Better Books

OF 94 CHARING CROSS ROAD

The Life and Writings of
OLIVE SCHREINER
by
VERA BUCHANAN-GOULD
entitled
NOT WITHOUT HONOUR
with an introduction by
Field Marshal J. C. SMUTS
O.M., C.H., K.C., D.T.D., M.P.
15/-

SIR HARRY
BRITTAIN
K.B.E., C.M.G., D.L., LL.D.
HAPPY PILGRIMAGE
An Empire Editor said: "If there were a thousand Sir Harry Brittains the World would be a million times better off."
With 106 illustrations. 12/6

HUTCHINSON
Largest of Book Publishers

"IF this is a first novel it is miraculously good; and in any case it is delightful and wise and irreproachably understanding." DANIEL GEORGE, *The Bookman*.

Alice

A FIRST NOVEL BY
ELIZABETH ELIOT

"The whole book is high-spirited, extremely funny. But the important thing about *Alice* is not its sociological interest nor its fun. It is full of a quality which deepens the work of any novelist lucky enough to possess it—an astringent sympathy, a knowledge from bitter experience that life is not easy, a desire that others should find it easier than oneself. An admirable book."—C. P. SNOW, *Sunday Times*.

BOOK SOCIETY
November Choice
CASSELL 8/6 net

BUNGLING!

PICTURE POST EXPOSES THE

GROUNDNUT SCANDAL

We sent a top flight journalist to Tanganyika to get the *real* groundnut story. He got it all right! The only thorough-going account of this imaginative scheme that anyone has ever printed. *You* pay for the groundnuts. What do you think of questions like these:

"Why did it cost nearly £80 to clear an acre of bush when the original estimate was £4 odd?"

"Why were expensive steel root-rakes only tested in England and completely useless in the African soil?"

"How many desk workers are employed for every staff man active in the field?"

Pompous officials, miserable bungling, inefficiency at high levels (in London *and* Africa), the kind of red tape that requires a harassed field-worker to take note of a 152-page book of instructions. We found all this going on — and more.

But we also found the real workers on the job were good and keen and hopeful — in spite of the bureaucrats. People who realised what a vital experiment this groundnut scheme is for the Empire and the world. People who will welcome the truest, ablest report on the scheme. The full story is in this week's Picture Post, 11 pages and 25 pictures.

DON'T MISS THIS WEEK'S
ON SALE NOW

PICTURE **POST**

Easy to buy

Easy to send

Certain to please
The most
difficult friend

BOOK TOKENS

Obtainable at all good bookshops
3/6 5/- 7/6 10/6 12/6 and 21/-
plus fourpence service fee

and for the Children

BOOK TALLIES

of course. Prices 7½d each, 7/6 for 12

THE TIMES BOOKSHOP'S

CHRISTMAS LIST

The pick of the

SEASON'S BOOKS

The surest guide to all the best books for Christmas is The Times Bookshop's Christmas List. The demand is always greater than the supply. Ask now for your copy to be reserved.

THE TIMES BOOKSHOP

42 WIGMORE STREET · LONDON · W.1

Telephone: Welbeck 3781

TBW

Reynolds commends his great understanding of light and shadow. Such records, when traceable, are interesting, but they are not full enough to be of great value to students engaged in research. Although called a *Calendar*, this book is not precise as to the dates when sudden twists of taste took place and new trends were born. For instance, there are no entries on Palladio between the years 1615 and 1732; yet the growing appreciation of his work during that time, culminating in the Palladian domination of English architecture between 1720 and 1750, is one of the most significant movements of the period, and should therefore be clearly signposted.

Mr. Carritt attempts a pointillist technique; that is to say by grouping together assorted entries, as if they were coloured dots, he aims at presenting an image of his period's taste. But as the dots do not complement one another and the contours are muzzy the picture never comes into focus. This is partly because the author quotes far fewer historical facts than personal reactions, only valuable as pegs on which more universal trends can be hung; partly because he relies too much on one or two individuals to sum up the taste of a period. There will be a surfeit of quotations from, say Evelyn, Pepys, Pope, Lord Chesterfield or Horace Walpole—all highly individual figures, the exception rather than the rule, who give a picture of their *own* taste rather than their period's. And partly because one must allow that the changing forms of taste are to some extent shaped by current events, and these this book seldom considers. For instance, the Civil War takes place, is followed by the Commonwealth and the Restoration. Yet Mr. Carritt never catches their vivid and contrasting reflections in his mirror.

It is a pity that a more valuable distillation has not been obtained from a lifetime of such miscellaneous reading. Mr. Carritt could have given us a reference book so valuable that no library could afford to neglect it. Instead we have a delightful and absorbing anthology, which may well find its place in what the Radio Doctor calls "the smallest room in the house." Yet despite its lack of method this book cannot be disregarded, and every future writer will have to comb through the riches assembled by Mr. Carritt before attempting a more ambitious work in this field. JOHN RICHARDSON

NEW NOVELS

The Desert of Love and The Enemy. By FRANCOIS MAURIAC. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

Troy and the Maypole. By WINSTON CLEWES. *Michael Joseph.* 9s. 6d.

Alice. By ELIZABETH ELIOT. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

Camilla. By PHYLLIS PAUL. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

Ceremony of Innocence. By ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE WEBSTER. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.

The fourth volume of Gerard Hopkins's translation of Mauriac contains two novels, written at ten years' interval, which have a definite connection. Both deal with the theme of an adolescent sexually involved with a woman older than himself; in the earlier *Le Désert de l'Amour*, the boy's father suffers from a hopeless and undeclared passion for the woman who refuses his son's crude, fierce advances though she is romantically in love with him. In *Le Mal* there are indications that Fabien's mother had unconscious sexual feelings for her girlhood friend who seduces him. Though characters, treatment, angle of approach are entirely different there are times when the two books seem almost like the positive and negative of the same photograph. In the first we have a son's relation with his father, in the second with his mother; one parent is a popular doctor in constant contact with human beings in his practice and his crowded home; the other is a widow, a fervent Jansenistic *dévote*, who isolates her two sons in a house where "the blinds were kept carefully drawn even on the hottest days to exclude the perilous gaiety of the light." Of the two adolescents, Raymond is precociously sensual and quite untroubled by conscience and Fabien, reared in a strained atmosphere of piety, is almost unaware of desire till he plunges violently and joylessly into his affair with Fanny, less because he desires her than because she represents evil and he is under a kind of compulsion to corrupt himself. Maria Cross, of *The Desert of Love* is in complete contrast to Fanny of *The Enemy*. Maria is provincial, Fanny cosmopolitan; Maria seems to have drifted into an ambiguous situation from indolence; Fanny, passionate, greedy and energetic, cannot live without lovers, excitement and drama. Maria is romantic, respectable and subtly self-deceiving; Fanny is ruthlessly honest with herself, pays recklessly for her pleasures and accepts the fact that she is exploited and despised with an odd and touching humility. Even the landscape of the two books is opposed; each, partly set in Paris, has its inevitable real roots in "Mauriac Land," one in Bordeaux itself, the other in the arid surrounding country of pine forest, sandy heath, sultry heat and violent storms. In final contrast, one deals with psychological conflicts and the other with spiritual. Neither quite resolves its problem, perhaps because the author is writing of something too deeply personal to be quite detached from his theme. Neither is a perfect work of art. Mauriac has, as it were, wrestled twice with the same angel in different guises, been thrown and lamed, but not received his final blessing. But the failures of a great artist are more exciting than the successes of a lesser one and often contain some of his finest work. The character of Dr. Courrèges in *The Desert of Love* is one of the most humanly moving Mauriac has ever drawn. Perhaps a man's complete isolation in the midst of a not unaffectionate family, and the inarticulate relation between father and son, summed up in the exquisite tiny scene of Raymond saying goodbye to his father at the station, have never been better done. And *The Enemy*, tortured, flawed and forbidding as it is, contains flashes of Mauriac's sharpest spiritual analysis and a profound study of an ageing, desperate woman involved with a sullenly sensual boy who permits all and gives nothing.

I cannot refrain from making two slight criticisms of the translation. From one point of view, it is admirable. Mr. Hopkins gives the impression, not of translating but of actually writing the book. Nevertheless, the nervous, muscular speed of Mauriac's writing does seem to me sometimes too cushioned and slowed down in Mr. Hopkins's more opulent and fleshy style. I give just one example; the rendering of '*mit sur le front de l'enfant le baiser habituel avant la traversée de la nuit*' as "touched his forehead with the kiss which was her habitual talisman for the perilous passage of the hours of darkness." My other discomfort is due to certain awkwardnesses, even inaccuracies, in using Catholic terminology. Such things as translating "*crèche*" as "cradle" instead of "crib," or using the expression "take" instead of "go to" Communion are merely minor irritations, but in *Le Mal*, where Catholic thought and language are so integral to the book, there are several more serious errors. "Liturgical calendar" means something entirely different from "*vie liturgique*" and "intentions" from "*mérites appliquées*," nor could Fabien ever envisage "*éternité*" as "eternal nothingness." *Le Mal* with the mystical and theological ideas, that subsume it, is full of difficulties that a Catholic translator would find hard to cope with, and no one could blame Mr. Hopkins for sometimes missing a point or failing to grasp an implication. But could he not get someone to proof-read for possible errors in everyday terms and expressions?

Coming straight from two novels by one of the greatest living masters, it is inevitable that the other four should seem small beer. Yet how hopefully I attacked *Troy and the Maypole*, assured in print by another critic that "Mr.

Not only in Manchester

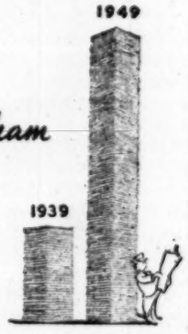
but throughout the whole country
more and more people are making

The
MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

their morning newspaper

for example

Sales in Birmingham have increased by **285%**



★ Order a copy from your newsagent

THE ALPHABET

A KEY TO THE HISTORY OF MANKIND

by David Diringer

D.Litt.

This standard work of the highest scholarship is now available in its second and revised edition.

"It is a book not only for the scholar but also for every man—tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor—who loves knowledge. The work has been obviously a triumph of production for the times, with illustrations given as freely as the writer's scholarship."—*Books of To-day.*

"A staggeringly erudite work. With nearly a thousand illustrations Dr. Diringer has been able to present almost every system of writing that mankind has ever used."—*The Times.*

Large Demy 8vo. Fully illustrated. 50/-

HUTCHINSON'S

SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL PUBLICATIONS

Hutchinson House, London W.1

New Publications

RILKE: MAN AND POET

Nora Wydenbruck

"The most balanced and the most richly documented biography of the poet that has yet appeared." *New Statesman.* The author is a niece of Rilke's patron and was in regular correspondence with the poet for many years. *Illustrated.* 18s.

THE CHILDREN OF THETIS

Christopher Kiniumonth

A study of islands and islanders in the Aegean, written with an infectious warmth of sympathy for the islanders' life and the beauty of nature which forms its setting. This unusual travel book is superbly illustrated. 15s.

AFRICA DANCES

Geoffrey Gorer

A handsome reprint of this remarkable travel book about the life and customs of the African negro, which has already become a modern classic. LIBRARY OF ART AND TRAVEL. *Illustrated.* 12s. 6d.

EPITAPHS AND OCCASIONS

Roy Fuller

A new volume of poems by this gifted young poet and critic. They vividly reflect the personal life of the individual among the collective issues of the age. 6s.

JOHN LEHMANN

Make a note for Xmas !

Three outstanding books edited by BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD, F.L.S.

GAME FISH OF THE WORLD

Over twenty world-famous authorities have contributed to this remarkable book. A unique feature is the collection of accurate colour plates by A. Fraser-Brunner.

446 *pages* 9½ in. × 7¼ in. *£3 3s. *net*

THE BOOK OF THE HORSE

A complete history of the horse from primitive times to the present day by 36 distinguished authorities. There are over 200 reproductions, many in colour from the great sporting master artists.

879 *pages* 9½ in × 7¼ in. *£2 2s. *net*

THE BOOK OF THE DOG

Uniform with the above books, this is the most comprehensive book on the dog ever attempted. Contributors include a panel of experts who are specialists on particular breeds.

860 *pages* 9½ in. × 7¼ in. *£2 2s. *net*

***Limited de luxe editions bound in full leather. £6 6s. net**

NICHOLSON & WATSON LTD

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

VERA WATSON

A complete and unique biography incorporating a newly-discovered diary and hitherto unpublished correspondence.

Illustrated. Ready Dec. 3rd. 15/- *net.*

FOR KING OR PARLIAMENT

PHILIP LINDSAY

Masterly portrayal of conflicting characters—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; Thomas Wentworth; John Hampden—"The Patriot" and Richard Lovelace.

Illustrated. 10/6 *net.*

FOUR STUART PORTRAITS

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

Four notable studies of the Jacobean period: Lancelot Andrews, Anglican Bishop; Sir John Eliot; Sir Balthazar Gerbier, diplomat and art collector and Colonel Thomas Rainsborough.

Illustrated. 10/6 *net.*

EVANS

PEN-IN-HAND

SOUND OF THE GUNS

Being the Story of

Admiral Sir Walter Cowan

K.C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O., etc.

By LIONEL DAWSON
CAPT., R.N.

The life-story of a man, both an Admiral and a Colonel of the 18th Cavalry.

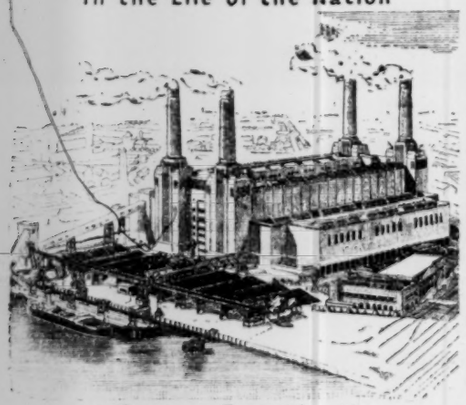
Illustrated, and with 28 plates.

Demy 8vo. 255 pp. 12s. 6d.

OXFORD

I heard it from an M.F.H.
Who felled the local fauna,
Who heard it from a District Nurse
Who once played Desdemona,
Who heard it from a Highland Laird
Who laughed like a hyena
And said it was in this week's
PUNCH
ON SALE TODAY 6d.

METAL WINDOWS
in the Life of the Nation



Battersea Power Station

2 GREAT PETER ST. METAL WINDOW ASSOCIATION WESTMINSTER S.W.1

PUCKLE HILL HOUSE VOCATIONAL TRAINING COLLEGE for the Cerebral Palsied (Spastic Paralysis) offers a residential training in gardening, poultry keeping, domestic science and various crafts. Students are admitted from 14 years, and those suffering from allied handicaps will be considered. For Prospectus apply to the **Principal, Puckle Hill House, Shorne, Nr. Gravesend, Kent.**

THE TIDE BEGINS TO FLOW FOR THE WRITER

The second release of paper in 1949 means more scope for writers. Let expert coaches teach individually by post, saving time, expense and disappointment. *The only School under patronage of leading newspaper proprietors.* Courses: Journalism, Short Stories, Poetry, Radio Plays. REDUCED FEES. FREE BOOK from: Prospectus Office, LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, 57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 MUSEUM 4574

WINTER HOLIDAYS

Summer may have gone, but a holiday week in a quiet guest house is still a pleasant venture. Here are four where you can find good food, comfortable accommodation and attractive surroundings. Southbourne, Bournemouth; Shanklin, I.O.W. (both £4 10 0 per week); Lyme Regis, Dorset (£3 17 6 per week); Killerton, Devon (£3 15 0 per week). **Write** W.T.A. Ltd., Eccleston Court, Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone VICtoria 6688

★ Bermaline bread ★
DELICIOUS & EASILY DIGESTED

Clewes is a true artist . . . a writer who has invented a new window on the world." Alas, after Mauriac, I found this chronicle of tepid love, friendship and opinion in a provincial town, whose flatness seemed intensified rather than relieved by some fascist gun-running and a couple of murders, merely presented me with closed panes of foggy glass. The author, an exponent of what one might call the "ordinary chap" school, is modest, kindly, conscientious and sincere. Unfortunately these admirable qualities do not necessarily make a writer. The book is dull, not because the characters are "ordinary" but because, for me at any rate, Mr. Clewes lacks the power of making one care what happens to them. I even tried transposing the plot mentally. I saved the good brother, resurrected and reformed the bad one, and paired off the narrator with the pretty Italian. My reactions remained as neutral as before.

Phyllis Paul, whose work is new to me, can both write remarkably well and compel the attention with the force of a dubious, but fascinating, stranger accosting one on a foggy night. She is adept at creating atmosphere and tension, at making a creak on the stairs far more alarming than any face at the window or scream in the dark. *Camilla* is very nearly a first-class borderline ghost story. I could wish the psychic Frances less vaguely mystical; neither she nor her unspeakable brother quite come off, partly because the author loves the first and loathes the second too much: the bitter hatred of men displayed throughout the book is almost pathological. I could wish, too, that she had not made Frances write one of those unconvincing masterpieces of poetry which shake the world after the author's death. An odd, original, disquieting, maddening book. *Alice*, the story of two pre-war débutantes, is a first novel of thinnish but not disagreeable vintage; as a Book Society Choice it needs no bush. Elizabeth Eliot has a neat satirical turn but she is not a feminine Evelyn Waugh. Her manner is rather uncertain; sometimes falsely naive, even arch; sometimes too knowingly explanatory. But she has a sharp eye, makes some acute observations and brings off a last scene which, though a hit below the belt, is really moving.

Ceremony of Innocence appears to have been published fifteen years after the death of its author, Elizabeth Charlotte Webster. It is a crudely ironical study of life in an Anglican convent in South Africa in which a clairvoyant, and remarkably complacent novice, deliberately has a child by a drunken genius—the kind of genius that says of his novel, "a bastard of a book—that book of mine wasn't got in lawful wedlock . . . it's too lusty." We are supposed to believe that this child will be a "light in the darkness" and in some way be associated with a "second coming of Christ over the wireless." Though not without moments of amusing unkindness and of sincere, if self-righteous, zeal, the book as a whole is a curiously unpleasant mixture of spiritual and temporal vulgarity.

ANTONIA WHITE

MERCHANT ADVENTURERS

Old China Hands and the Foreign Office. By NATHAN A. PELCOVITS. *Allen & Unwin.* 21s.

The class of Britons who press into this new and untrodden field of enterprise is mainly composed of unscrupulous and reckless adventurers who seek nothing but enormous profits on particular transactions and care little for the permanent interests of commerce—still less for the principles of truth and justice. These men always cloak their injustices under the guise of patriotism and civilisation . . . but I have seldom seen a case in which their total disregard of honesty was so apparent.

That was how Louis Mallet, Under-Secretary to the Board of Trade, writing in 1862 a minute for the Foreign Office, expressed himself on the subject of British merchants in the China trade. Not much later, a contributor to the merchant mouthpiece, the *London and China Express*, retorted with gusto:

The English government is a greater hindrance to the opening of China than the Chinese government . . . Remove the English authorities, and I would undertake to navigate any of the inland waters by steam without molestation.

After this exchange of compliments, I need hardly state the thesis of Mr. Pelcovits' able book: that British policy toward China in the second half of the nineteenth century, far from being dictated by the wishes of merchant capital, was dominated by determined resistance to the demands of the Old China Hands—a resistance that often led to bitter struggles between the pressure groups manipulated by the merchants on one side, and Whitehall, backed by consuls and ministers in China, on the other.

Both sides agreed that British interests in the Far East were exclusively commercial; but there the agreement stopped. The merchants thought that Britain should intervene by force to open up China, secure favourable trading terms and ward off competition; their demands ranged from liberal use of gunboats in the 'sixties to the threat of war with France and Russia in the 'nineties. Whitehall replied that British commitments must be limited, that the authority of Peking must be bolstered, and that traders must take their chance in China just as in any country not under the British flag. Merchants spoke of a fabulous Chinese market, a trade capable, with the barriers down, of almost limitless expansion. The official view was that the game was not worth the candle; the Chinese trade would never exceed (and it never did) a fifth of the Indian trade.

In what must surely remain a standard as well as a pioneering work, Mr. Pelcovits marshals a formidable array of evidence from the archives of Government departments, Chambers of Commerce, and the China Association. He leaves no doubt, either as to the reality of the struggle, or as to its origin, in varying estimates of the capacity of the Chinese market. The history of imperialism in China, to our day, has never been what, at first glance, it "ought to be." Just as the British stake in China was never worth a supreme effort, so American investment never justified an all-out battle, either (before 1941) against Japan, or today against the Communists. And American history could provide amusing parallels to the odd controversy between the Old China Hands and Lord Salisbury, when the "adventurers" demanded official guarantees, state finance, and diplomatic support, while the Prime Minister expatiated on the merits of private enterprise; his Ambassador adding that "the moment British enterprise leans too much on State assistance, it ceases to be enterprise, indeed I may say it ceases to be British."

The only lacuna in this excellent book is a discussion of why the market was so limited; but that would involve a full-scale analysis of Chinese society.

MERVYN JONES

THE MAN TO LOVE

Letters from Lord Nelson. Selected by GEOFFREY RAWSON. *Staples.* 21s.

Commander Rawson has compiled some 500 letters from the published Nelson correspondence, quite enough to give the general reader, for whom the book is intended, a summary at first-hand of the hero's character and achievements. The closer student of Nelson will welcome the appearance in their complete text of many of the intimate letters to Lady Hamilton, from which biographers are accustomed to quote freely, but which have hitherto been hidden from public view in *The Hamilton-Nelson Papers*. These papers contain the conclusive evidence that Horatia was the daughter of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and for that shocking reason have been kept tucked at the back of the shelf in a privately printed edition, as if they were *erotica*. Now we have some of them out in the full light at last.

"Setting aside his heroism, what an affectionate,

fascinating little fellow he was." So wrote Dr. Scott, Nelson's chaplain, to Lady Hamilton on the day of the funeral. The chaplain was an exceptionally stupid man; but his commonplace words of condolence express more truth than the most eloquent panegyric. Nelson in his apotheosis has been beset with worshippers who never can set aside his heroism and take a look at the fascinating little fellow off his quarter-deck.

Commander Rawson, however, holds the balance very fairly between the man and the hero. His choice of letters does not stint the heroics. "I trust my name will stand on record, when the money-makers will be forgot." "I am known throughout Italy; not a Kingdom or State, where my name will be forgotten." "The imperious call of honour to serve my Country is the only thing which keeps me a moment from you." "A glorious death is to be envied." "To-morrow my head will probably be crowned with either laurel or cypress." "Not a scrap of that ardour with which I have served my King has been shot away" (after the loss of his arm). But the stern, unforgiving streak in Nelson is not concealed. The order to execute Caracciolo in the Bay of Naples is included, as are the letters approving Sir John Jervis's hanging of mutineers. "I very much approve of its being carried into execution, even although it is Sunday." "Had it been Christmas Day instead of Sunday I would have executed them." By contrast, the warm-hearted, affectionate side of his character comes out in his praise of his brother officers; his practical attention to the health and comfort of his subordinates; the devotion to his old father; and the generosity to his poor relations, including his iniquitous parson brother, who subsequently cashed in on Trafalgar with an Earldom and £5,000 a year. Indeed, every facet of Nelson's mercurial temperament has been well represented.

Mercury seems the appropriate deity, as he too was a "fascinating little fellow," full of charm and ever on the move, of godlike stature but essentially a boy-god. And the boyish quality in Nelson that can be surmised in his portraits comes out continually in his letters. Who but an uninhibited schoolboy, fresh from prize-day at the end of term, could include in the account of his career given to a newspaper editor the sentence:— "It was during this period that perhaps my personal courage was more conspicuous than at any other part of my life," and end up with "and I may say to the Reader, GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE"? From a man of 41 such self-applause sounds intolerable—and many of Nelson's contemporaries could not bear it—but in a boy of 19 the modesty of that "perhaps" would be ludicrously disarming. Once one can accept the fact that emotionally Nelson never grew up, one can swallow all his big talk with a smile. After all, it *was* true—only an adult would have been too self-conscious to proclaim it.

It is worth drawing attention to a childish, not to say infantile, trick of speech that Nelson developed—the habit of referring to himself at exalted moments in the third person. Just as a small child, in a regal desire to assert himself, will say "Tommy wants a cake," so Nelson was quite capable of writing, "Nelson wants a peerage." Here are a few random examples of what he actually did write. To the Duke of Clarence "Horatio Nelson is the same as your goodness has ever known him to be." To the Bashaw of Tripoli, "That Nelson who has hitherto kept your powerful enemies from destroying you, can, and will, let them loose on you." To his brother "I can never bring myself to believe that Nelson's family should be unnoticed by the English Government." To Lady Hamilton "Forgive me, Emma, Oh! forgive your own dear disinterested Nelson"; "Nelson is a warrior, but will not be a butcher"; "Nelson cannot be like others"; "keep some of it for poor Nelson," and so on. He once even referred to himself as "the Victor of the Nile." Can anyone conceive of Wellington calling himself "the Victor of Waterloo"? There never were men more different in character than those two great victors. Yet Captain Malcolm, contrasting the merits of Nelson and Wellington, both of whom he knew well, concluded "Nelson was the man to *love*."

But did Lady Hamilton love him? We shall probably never know, for her letters to Nelson are either burnt or lost. Yet there seems every likelihood that it was another case of *un qui baise et un qui tourne la joue*. The great love of her life was the scoundrel Charles Greville; and women who have once loved scoundrels generally cling to the habit, as Nelson himself was only too ready to suspect. Nothing could exceed the fury of his jealousy, when he learned that the Prince of Wales was to meet his Emma. "God blast him." "God strike him blind if he looks at you—this is high treason, and you may get me hanged by revealing it. Oh, God! that I were:" "Oh! God that I was dead." This is not exactly the language of a man serenely confident in the love of his "wife in the sight of God." The Regent had no reputation for rape. But if Emma felt no profound bond with "her own dear loving Nelson," why did she keep the liaison so dark after his death, to her own detriment? Why did the nation, to whom Nelson left her as a legacy, have to wait until 1893, when *The Hamilton-Nelson Papers* were first printed, to realise the full nature of the services she had rendered? She took to drink and died without a shilling, but she never would admit anything but "the purity of Lord N.'s friendship," as her husband called it. Possibly it was some complex idea of atonement. If she could not manage it before, she would be faithful *after* death.

Commander Rawson provides a minimum of explanatory notes: the number could be increased with advantage. One note is unfortunate, stating that Nelson's wife was four years his junior. The generally accepted view is that she deceived her husband about her age and was actually a few months older than he was.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

POWER AND JUSTICE

Empire and After. By RITA HINDEN. *Essential Books.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Hinden has undertaken an enormous task. It is a summary of the political philosophy of the British Empire since its inception; the recent history of that Empire, the statement of the feelings of its subject nations at present, and proposals for the solution of the conflict between power and justice: all this in 200 pages. First, it should be said that the book is crammed with good things. Two chapters of eighteenth and nineteenth century quotations are especially useful as a quarry for the source of the general British attitude that Empire is a transitory condition leading to the emancipation of the ruled. The reasoning applied by Adam Smith and Burke to the American Plantations could not be more apt then than it is to-day, nor better put; and, with other quotations, proves that emancipation, as a principle, was invented by British humanists almost a century before Marx deduced it from the dialectic. Moreover, Britain has acted on it, which Communism shows no sign of doing; the real contribution of Russia to this problem being the absence of colour-bar, not the freedom of the non-Russian peoples, far less their liberty to secede, which has been prevented by a series of bloody wars of suppression. Dr. Hinden's quotations are less handy than they might be, since she often does not date them, and sometimes, to prove an argument, inverts their sequence. Also, she compares the best of the liberators with some of the worst of the imperialist blimps. Joseph Chamberlain is a savoury mouthful nobody could resist, it is true; but some of the anti-imperialists have oozed the slimiest of sentiment, and done their cause no good either. Kipling comes out surprisingly well, with an acid and realistic definition of the facts of Empire in, of all verses, *Take up the White Man's Burden*,

Ready November 21st

DOCUMENTS ON GERMAN FOREIGN POLICY

From the Archives of the German Foreign Ministry

VOLUME I SERIES D

"From Neurath to Ribbentrop"

Papers reflecting Germany's foreign policy from the end of September 1937 to September 1938, covering particularly the seizure of Austria in March 1938.

PRICE 21s. BY POST 21s. 9d.

Ready shortly at the same price:

VOLUME II

"Germany and Czecho-Slovakia, 1937-8"

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Post Orders: P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1); 13a, Castle Street, Edinburgh, 2; 39, King Street, Manchester, 2; 2, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3; 1, St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; Tower Lane, Bristol, 1; 80, Chichester Street, Belfast.

OR THROUGH ANY BOOKSELLER

RICHARD JEFFERIES

Edited by Samuel J. Looker

WILD LIFE IN A SOUTHERN COUNTY
Illustrated by **C. F. TUNNICLIFFE**

THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS
FIELD AND HEDGEROW
THE OPEN AIR
THE OLD HOUSE AT COATE
THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 10s. 6d. each
Illustrated by **AGNES MILLER PARKER**

RICHARD JEFFERIES' LONDON
Illustrated by **E. E. BRISCOE** 8s. 6d. net

LUTTERWORTH PRESS

LR

"Labour Research" has been known to many thousands in the movement for over 30 years; it started in 1917. Now we are putting "Social Service News" in with it, as a supplement. It is as vigorous, factual and with as wide a coverage as we can make it. For 7/- a year you can get it each month—send 7/- (or 7d. for a sample) to Labour Research Dept. 2 Soho Square, London, W.1.

which on account of that loathsome line, I have avoided reading hitherto. One should remember that nobody has more exactly described the inevitable dissolution of Empire, in many tales, and particularly the " Centurion " stories for children in *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

Coming to our own times, Dr. Hinden examines the mandatory and trustee conceptions. She develops a private language here, using the word " paternalism " to mean a policy of benevolent but permanent domination, and apparently identifying this with the mandatory system. This is historically inaccurate; for the mandate system, which found its proper fulfilment in the liberation of Iraq, was fully and consciously based upon the ideas of non-sovereignty of the rulers and transitoriness of their power. Dr. Hinden, who accuses our colonial policy of stagnation in the years between the wars, omits the case of Iraq, and pours scorn on the beginnings of the Colonial Welfare Fund. In fact, the present much larger expenditure on the colonies is the logical growth of the original vote of £1,000,000 a year. And the trustee clauses of the United Nations Charter, while they state more plainly the aim of emancipation, cannot disguise the retrogression of the trustee agreements themselves: they omit the prohibition of conscription for the peoples under mandate, they leave in the possibility of the stopping of international control by the mere declaration that an area is " strategic " and, above all, the constitution of the Trusteeship Council has itself vastly deteriorated. In fact, it seems to me that too much distinction is made between the period before and after the wars, in British government. The wars saw the breaking of a roller which had been rising long ago.

Dr. Hinden thinks that few people realise the feelings of subject nations. This is disputable; I have hardly ever met anybody who did not understand the bitter resentment aroused by subjection, nor the strength of nationalism. Certainly it is a thing the common man grasps completely. Also, it has for a century or more been the guiding principle of British administrators. In this respect I think Dr. Hinden misunderstands colonial rule, confounding it with the feebleness of the Colonial Office. She says that the claim of colonial rulers to a " mission " is hypocrisy. She must have met quite unrepresentative officials; yet if she examines her own list of writers, they are overwhelmingly ex-officials, from Olivier and Woolf to Barnes. They tend to be bitter, if they were Kenya men; defeated, as the Labour Government also seems to have been defeated, by the European settlers; but they had not the slightest doubt of their duty. And Dr. Hinden's thesis is only maintained by leaving out the officials who did not write, but acted in accord with their devotion to the people they governed. Lugard's simple prohibition of the alienation of land to non-Africans did more for the future of Nigeria than a library of books; but his name is not in this one; nor is that of any of the sincerely dedicated officials who, from Raffles to the present day, have been the real authors of the policy of the voluntary abdication of Empire. I think I discern in that strange misconception and even more in the equally complete omission of the importance of the work of modern anthropologists, a certain lop-sidedness in Dr. Hinden's view. It is in the main an urban view. Her sympathies, quite rightly, are warmly in favour of the Europeanised, modern colonials who lead the sophisticated parties. She does not give so much weight to the country people who are the overwhelming majority. She does say that Africans may object to being governed by an " upstart " young African but does not allow for the fact that their objection is likely to be due, not to his being modern, but to his being a member of another tribe, who may not respect local customs. As to policy, Dr. Hinden mainly suggests the summoning in each colony of a " constituent assembly " to enable the people to say what they desire. The difficulty is that most of the people have not yet reached the point of wanting large regional constitutions, in the bigger African colonies; or for that matter even in the Europeanised West Indies. The men of modern education, of course, want freedom to rule their fellows. Some of them, like many present-day tribal chiefs, are able and competent people. Some, and those the noisiest, are half-baked, and quite capable of believing, like Zik, that Russian rule would give them the rights of man. Constitutions are needful, but they are machinery, and Dr. Hinden is right in emphasising that, as every colonial student agrees, the real need is not only for the government of the colonies in the interests of their own peoples and their rapid emancipation, but for the recognition of these people, individually, as equals in the human scale. It is this which the British, or some of them, find difficult; but it is this alone which can light the many paths from power to justice. It is constantly said, but the more often people like Dr. Hinden say it, the better.

FREDA WHITE

CLARE IN KEEPING

Poems of John Clare's Madness. Edited by GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Routledge*. 21*s*.

It is eighty-five years since Clare died, an old man, at the Northampton Asylum; until recently the greater part of work of this wonderful poet was lying in manuscript. Professor and Mrs. Tibble have been responsible for an excellent biography; Mr. Grigson is the first to concentrate on the asylum writings. His long introductory essay contains a valuable analysis of the poems that he has selected, of which more than a hundred have never yet been printed.

Clare, by circumstance a self-taught farm labourer, was also a born writer of rare lyrical freshness, preserving into old age and through years of asylum life his uncorrupted outlook on the external world. " In my boyhood Solitude was the most talkative vision I met with," he recorded. " Birds bees trees flowers all talked to me louder than the busy hum of men." He read much, but he was curiously free of current mannerisms; his work has a dateless air that is unusual at any period. Barnes and Blake share it too, perhaps; they are, though at different poles, his nearest poetic kin.

His first book, *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*, was published in 1820 when he was twenty seven. It brought him for a time fame and friends, and a small annuity, mostly made up of doles from wealthy patrons—not enough, as time went on, to keep him and his large family. Long and pointless delays over publishing and payment, the borderline poverty of his life, not wholly in the poet's or the peasant's world, insecurity and frustration—all these kept him in a state of nervous anxiety. Writing was a feverish and exhausting pleasure—" a fickle Hussey," he called his Muse, who " sometimes stilts me up to madness and then leaves me as a beggar by the wayside with no more life than what's mortal and that nearly extinguished by melancholy forebodings." A three-mile move to a larger cottage upset him, and drew from him a most moving poem of exile, *The Flitting*. Here he began to dream often of a lost sweetheart of his youth, Mary Joyce, who had rejected the poor farm boy, but who now appeared to him as his Guardian Spirit " in the shape of a soul-stirring beauty." His agitation increased, and through his publisher, Taylor, he was brought in June 1836 to the asylum kept by Dr. Allen at Epping.

Allen, an unusually enlightened man in his profession, recorded of Clare that " his mind did not appear so much lost and deranged as suspended in its movements by the oppressive and permanent state of anxiety, and fear, and vexation, produced by the excitement of excessive flattery at one time and neglect at another, his extreme poverty and over-exertion of body and mind." He was convinced, he added, that if a small pension could have been obtained for Clare, the poet " would have recovered instantly and most probably remained well for life." The pension was not forthcoming. Clare was to stay five years at Epping, writing much, and developing from his frustration and loss several distinct delusions. One was that Mary Joyce was his wife; another, that he was Byron. In this guise he wrote two impressive poems, *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold*: Mr. Grigson prints them here for the first time. One of the more tranquil verses gives a fair enough view of his mind—the poetic control, the response to the immediate scene, the Byron illusion, the power of Mary and of Nature over his imagination, the loneliness:

> How beautiful this hill of fern swells on!
> So beautiful the chapel swells between
> The hornbeams—with its simple bell. Alone
> I wander here, hid in a palace green.
> Mary is absent—but the forest queen,
> Nature, is with me. Morning, noon and gloaming,
> I write my poems in these paths unseen;
> And when among these brakes and beeches roaming,
> I sigh for truth, and home, and love and woman.

Yet even the " forest queen " could not always stir him. In the midst of a rambling letter the sudden phrase appears: " nature to me seems dead and her very pulse seems frozen to an icicle in the summer sun." Lear-like, he noted his own apathy in a thunderstorm. His homesickness increased; one day in July 1841 he started to walk northwards for home, covering (without food or money) the eighty miles in four days. But Mary, to whom he thought he was going, was not there; she was already dead at the age of forty-one, and they had not met for more than twenty years. Nevertheless he drafted her a letter: " . . not being able to see you or to hear where you was I soon began to feel homeless at home and shall bye and bye feel nearly hopeless but not so lonely as I did in Essex, for here I can see Glinton church, and feeling that Mary is safe if not happy I am gratified." He wrote, rationally enough, to Dr. Allen, and he sorted and added to his poems. But the delusions remained. Five months later he was taken to the Northampton General Lunatic Asylum where, twenty-two years later, he died.

Dr. Allen had already noted the contrast between Clare's poetry, and his prose and conversation in which he was " never able to maintain . . . the appearance of sanity for two minutes together." Clearly, in his poetry was centred the identity on which Clare had so precarious a hold. Even so, his poetic clarity is not constant, and the Northampton years show changes. The power of writing a long, sustained, intricate poem like *Childe Harold* did not return. And though there is no doubt that Clare was well used and had freedom, the impact of direct experience was weakening. Without the stimulus of affection given or taken, with fewer visits and letters as his old friends died, he turned to memory, to recollections of his childhood and of early sweethearts; but memory, too, thins out and needs renewing. True, the natural music re-

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

to any country in Europe, £2 10s. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main air port.
Africa West, £3. South and East, £3 5s.
India, Pakistan, £3 12s. Singapore, Malaya, £3 15s.
Hong Kong, £4. Australia, £5.
New Zealand, £5 5s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile London, W.C.1. Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
150, East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
Surface, $5.50 yearly. Air Express, $15 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1½d. Canada, 1d.*

Can **YOU** *afford a* **cold** *this winter?*

Don't take chances this winter — *here's how many people secure immunity from colds:* they simply take 2 Serocalcin tablets daily for thirty days — that's all. For three to four months they can safely forget about colds. But if you already have a cold, take 3 Serocalcin tablets three times daily. In many cases, the attack clears up in a few days. Absolutely safe — for children, too.

● The Immunising Pack of 60 tablets costs 9/3. The Treatment Pack of 20 tablets costs 3/9. At all chemists.

There's nothing like

SEROCALCIN

for the prevention and treatment of colds

FREE Write to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for a helpful booklet "Immunity from Colds"

A brand new kind of LIGHTER FLINT!

SPECIALLY GROUND ENDS READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE
BE SURE TO REMOVE PARTICLE OF OLD FLINT BEFORE INSERTING NEW ONE
WORLD'S FINEST FLINTS

EXTRA-LONG FOR LONGER LIFE

GROUND BOTH ENDS FOR INSTANT USE

This flint—the Ronson Firebronze flint — makes all others out of date! Lighting up with Firebronze is so much quicker too. Get yourself a packet of Ronson Firebronze flints — today. 1/- for a packet of 8.

RONSON FIREBRONZE FLINTS

Registered

"MAKE SURE IT'S A RONSON"

WHY IMPORTANT PEOPLE ARE RONSON PEOPLE

Gertrude Lawrence

has a Ronson. "I like good looking things" she explains. "And the Ronson is smart as can be. It lights fast too." People in the limelight must have only the best. That's why so many choose a Ronson!

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Sir Herbert Barker

writing on shoes says:

"Perfect Health depends quite considerably on perfect foot comfort"

"The damage done by badly fitted shoes has been brought home to me by numberless cases of foot deformation.
Such things are disgraceful in an intelligent community, and a bar to the physical progress of the race. The mind and the body alike are strongly influenced by comfort or discomfort — especially where one's feet are concerned.
If I can persuade the whole world to wear the shoe I have personally designed for perfect foot comfort, I shall feel it is one of the best services I have ever rendered humanity."

SIR HERBERT BARKER SHOES

for men and women, are obtainable from appointed shoe fitters in all large towns.

NORVIC SHOE CO., LTD., Dept. 8 NORTHAMPTON

LIFE-BOAT FACTS

RADIO TELEPHONY

A New type of radio telephony and loud hailer is being fitted to all Life-boats. The operators can talk to the shore by radio telephony, or to the wreck through the loud hailers. The yearly cost of hiring this equipment will be £10,000. Help provide this extra safeguard by sending a contribution however small.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.
The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., Treasurer.
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., Secretary.

Many of the services supplied by the Westminster Bank cost the user little or nothing. Yet all of them help, in one way or another, to make life a little easier. Ask the Manager of your local branch about Travellers' Cheques, Bankers' Orders, and the Joint Account

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

Well turned-out men take to

Cheviot

GROOMING AIDS

Attractive to the out-door He-man as to the elegant man-about-town, CHEVIOT grooming aids are as masculine as pipe and cigar. See the CHEVIOT range of After-shave, Hair oil, Hair lotion and Cologne at your favourite shop.

invest safely in
BRICKS and MORTAR
and get **2½%** Society pays the tax
This is equal to £4 . 11 . 0 gross.
No expenses on investment or withdrawal.
Write for full particulars
GRAYS BUILDING SOCIETY
(ESTD. 1880)
22 NEW ROAD, GRAYS, ESSEX
Branch Offices: 31 LINTON ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX
& 4 WHEELER GATE, NOTTINGHAM (1st. C. O. Day)
Assets: £1,500,000 *Reserves: £58,000*

mained through most of the Northampton poems —" In bed she like a lily lay " . . . " My love is as sweet as a beanfield in blossom "—and even where the thought rambles away there are striking passages :

> Lay bare those twin roses
> That hide in thy hair,
> Thy eye's light discloses
> The sweetness hid there,
> For thy dark curls lie on them
> Like night in the air.

" A green delight the wounded mind endears," Clare wrote in a poem praising Solitude ; and here still, mingled with love and joy, separation and loss, natural description remained his chief theme. Without going outside it he betrays his changing mood. A poem beginning " How beautiful the morning " turns from a water-colour into an angry Van Gogh :

> A ball o' fire, he blazes high
> Till bulging clouds succeeds.
> The coal black snails that fear to fry
> Now creep among the weeds.

Intensified sound and colour suggest disquiet : " The blackbird sings loud as a lady's piano, With a yellow gold ring round his violet eye." (Colour always pleased Clare, as it did Barnes, but he liked the clear effects of white and black, blue, pink, rose-red.) *I Hid My Love* has this same intensification.

Madness does not create art, though derangement such as Clare's may uncover a stratum of consciousness on which much in creative work to-day is deliberately based. Yet it appears, as we read these poems, that the heart, or climax, of Clare's poetic life belongs to the asylum years —not because of a wild and accidental beauty that comes from a lifting of imaginative control, but through awareness of a spiritual predicament. " The poignancy and perfection of many of Clare's best poems," Mr. Grigson writes of one aspect of this, " comes out of that almost simultaneous feeling that Mary was with him and his realisation that she was absent."

> Mary, or sweet spirit of thee,
> As the bright sun shines tomorrow,
> Thy dark eyes these flowers shall see,
> Gathered by me in sorrow,
> In the still hour when my mind was free
> To walk alone—yet wish I walk'd with thee.

And in *An Invite to Eternity,* he asks her to join him in " this sad non-identity " :

> The land of shadows wilt thou trace,
> And look—nor know each other's face ;
> The present mixed with reason gone,
> And past and present all as one ?
> Say, maiden, can thy life be led
> To join the living with the dead ?
> Then trace thy footsteps on with me ;
> We're wed to one eternity.

Involved, yet with a Blake-like detachment, Clare wrote in the same year as this haunting poem (1844) *I Am* and *A Vision*—for Mr. Grigson the summit of his work—the one great poem in which he transcends the feeling of prison walls. But the entire achievement of the madhouse years—the delicate and individual poetry, never for a moment insensitive or banal—may stand with these in our reassessment of Clare. It is a collection which cannot fail to leave a deep impression on the mind of the reader.

NAOMI LEWIS

Patterns of Anti-Democratic Thought. By DAVID SPITZ. *Macmillan.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

This is a scholarly and important book. It is an incisive analysis of anti-democratic political philosophies, as developed by their American exponents. Dr. Spitz brings out clearly the common link between writers as varied as Burnham, Santayana and Irving Babbitt : all of them assume political behaviour to be governed by iron laws far more rigid than those of the most vulgar Marxist. Burnham, synthesising Marx and Machajski, endeavoured to erect his theory of the managerial revolution into an inviolable historical tendency. Lawrence Dennis did much the same thing with his theory of the élite. So did Santayana, arguing for the natural aristocracy, Madison Grant, for a racial aristocracy, or Sait, for a biological aristocracy. All of them believe that the average man is incompetent ; that democracy is either impossible or undesirable ; and that some form of strong leadership is necessary for the survival of a society. Dr. Spitz does not waste words in his critique : he, too, is familiar with history and philosophy and is able to recognise a fallacy when he sees one. Unlike his subjects, he believes that " democracy, alone of the forms of state, provides the necessary mechanism for its own correction." This, of course, is by far the strongest argument for democracy. But in trouncing those who have neither liking for nor faith in democracy — which he does so well — Dr. Spitz has tended to minimise some of the faults in democracies which obstruct the process of self-correction. One does not have to accept the reactionary view that these faults make democracy unworkable or intolerable to know that they are faults. If Dr. Spitz had not had to make his case for democracy by indirection, in a running commentary upon its critics, he might have laid more stress on these faults and their possible cures. All the same, his book makes a real contribution to political analysis.

Russian Art. By TAMARA TALBOT RICE. *Penguin Books* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mrs. Talbot Rice is Russian-born and has seen most of the work which she discusses in this excellent book. Much of it she will never see again since, in spite of the Soviet's unwillingness to give information, it is clear that the havoc done to Russian works of art during the war was great and appalling. There is thus an elegiac quality about the book which makes it more than a compressed handbook to Russian art written on historical principles. Mrs. Talbot Rice is an admirer of the Byzantine-influenced icons and shows how the climate, character and even geography made Russian icon painting into something quite indigenous. But her most interesting chapters are on the late seventeenth and the eighteenth century, when Peter the Great " opened a window on Europe " in more senses than one. Eighteenth-centry Russian art was a pan-European affair, and its two greatest artists were the Italian Rastrelli the younger, and the Englishman Cameron. Rastrelli was a designer of enormous importance and, if his work were more accessible, would have a more fitting reputation; but it is a little more difficult to agree with Mrs. Talbot Rice's estimate of Cameron—his Palladianism was rather academic and old-fashioned, and the reason why he was not employed much in England was that he was hanging on to the old Palladian principles when a newer, more Hellenic " gusto " was preferred. Nor is it easy to agree with her views on modern Soviet art. The " modernism " of the twenties has settled down into a philistinism which Mrs. Talbot Rice's defence fails to justify; and the examples which she reproduces do less. She says that in book production the Russians are in a class of their own, but judging from the Russian exhibits in last year's exhibition at the National Book League their design, printing and paper leaves something to be desired.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,031

Set by Allan M. Laing

Competitors are asked, for the usual prizes, to compose epigrams in the Belloc manner (2, 4, 6 or 8 lines) on a Channel swimmer, a female tennis champion, an anti-British American, a provincial Lord Mayor, a film magnate, Bloomsbury, a modern poet, a popular philosopher, a reviewer, a diplomat, or a Cabinet Minister abroad. Entries by November 29th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,028

Set by Arachne McLeod

The usual prizes are offered for a private and confidential testimonial, not exceeding 150 words, on one of the following by a member of t eir domestic staff : John Aubrey, Samuel Pepys, Jane Austen, Wordsworth, Byron, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Henry James.

Report by Arachne McLeod

Plain living with the Wordsworths and George Eliot? High life and pickings with Byron ? Druids and duns with Aubrey ? Competitors had a wide field. Aubrey, in spite of obvious disadvantages of his position (" *Quaere* that he yet oweth me 3*s.* and fower pence for the leech when he did fall ahorseback ") attracted most entries. Clearly, Pepys and James were the cosiest to work for, if you could stand the backstairs kisses of the one and the conversation of the other (" was with him 6 years and he never got finished anything he was saying "). Life with Miss Austen was altogether too quiet ; not much fun either with George Eliot, but Mrs. Browning was well spoken of "if you can stick Italians in your kitchen all day long which I can't." Wordsworth's tastes were deplored by Lucy (Douglas-Hawson)—" makes friends too easily with beggars, tramps, village idiots and broken-down old men "—and by Betsy Booth (D. N. Dalglish)—" they weren't people who were used to style at all." One and a half guineas each to T. T. Ormandy and R. J. P. Hewison : half a guinea each to Kim, W. H. G. Price and Edward Blishen. Honourable mention : Fergie, W. E. Midgley, G. W. Jones and Margaret Usborne.

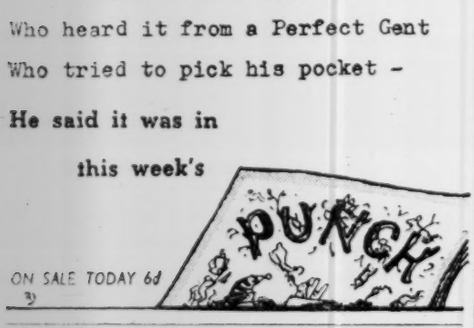
JOHN AUBREY

Ino. Awbrey is gent. born and bredd but overmuch given to Bookes, Abbies and suchlike doddipole Maggots for one of his Qualitie. Hath good Parts and Lively witt, seeing as tis said furder in a Milstone then Manie yet thof nice to obsarve not strict to visitt and woud leever be couzend with a Jest then sarved by a Sobersides. Yet is not a bad Payer neyther so he be dewly advizd of's Oblivescencies. Ye woorst parte of him is his gading about ye Countreyside and grubing in churchyerdes also his laying oft at frends wher his owen Man hath skurvie entreatment and his entertayning so litel in's Proper howse wherby therbe for his Sarvints but skant vales. To summe ye reckning Mr. Awbrey is iij partes mad but all good if hee be his owne enemie is his mans frend and what mor canst thou aske i saie.

R. J. P. HEWISON

Some assert he is a Roman Catholique—untrue. He haz a crack-brained whim to lament (in churches)

I heard it from a Crossword Fan
Who cried when watching cricket,
Who heard it from an Uncle
In an upper-income-bracket.
Who heard it from a Perfect Gent
Who tried to pick his pocket -
He said it was in
this week's
PUNCH
ON SALE TODAY 6d


Come into the SUN
DAILY MOTOR COACH SERVICE ACROSS THE ALPS OR VIA RHONE VALLEY
RETURN including Hotels and all meals en route £21
Full Board arranged at any hotel on the Riviera from 17 6 per day, including tax and service.
CONTOURS LTD.
72 Newman Street, London, W.1. Tel. MUSeum 0493 or 6463

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for the following permanent appointments in the Royal Naval Scientific Service: (a) One Senior Principal Scientific Officer; (b) Six Principal Scientific Officers. All candidates must have been born on or before Aug. 1, 1918. Candidates for post (a) must have a high-class honours degree in physics or engineering, with subsequent responsible experience on development work in the electronic field. For two of the posts under (b) candidates must have a high-class honours degree in physics, with subsequent research experience in electronics or light electrical engineering; for the other four posts candidates must have a high-class honours degree in electrical engineering, with subsequent experience of electronics development in industry or in a research establishment. Experience of servo-mechanisms and/or communication engineering also desirable. Inclusive salary scales, post (a) £1,320-£1,520; posts (b) £950-£1,250. Exceptionally a starting salary above the minimum may be granted according to qualifications and experience. Rates for women and for posts outside London somewhat lower. Forms of application and further particulars from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 27 Grosvenor Square, London, W.1, quoting No. 2839. Completed application forms must be returned by December 2, 1949.

CIVIL Service Commission.—An Open Competition will be held in 1950 for recruitment by Methods I and II to the Special Departmental Classes (i.e., H.M. Inspector of Taxes; Departmental Class (Cadet Grade) Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers; Research Assistants, Ministry of Defence). Age limits 20½-26 on August 1, 1950, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces; but certain candidates born on or after August 2, 1923 may be admitted at the Commissioners' discretion, and candidates at least 26 and under 30 on August 1, 1950 may compete under Method II if they have experience in employment in industry or social work particularly fitting them for posts in the Ministry of Labour and National Service. The number of vacancies will be about 60, the majority in the Inland Revenue Department. Regulations and partics. are obtainable on application (preferably by post-card) to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 2701. The latest date for the receipt of completed Application Forms is November 30, 1949 (for Method II), or January 31, 1950 (for Method I).

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Turkish Programme Organiser in the Eastern Service. It is intended that the Turkish Section at some future date should be transferred to the East European Service. Duties of the post include the planning and supervision of programmes in Turkish to Turkey, the allocation of duties to Programme Assistants, the writing and editing of scripts, and the study of conditions in Turkey and the reaction there to B.B.C. broadcasts. A knowledge of the Turkish language is desirable. Candidates should also have a good and up-to-date knowledge of modern Turkey and of the economic and political developments in that country, and interest in and understanding of all contemporary East European and Near East developments. Some administrative experience is desirable. Salary £680 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £45 to £995 p.a. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Turkish P.O. N. Stm," with 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed env.

ESSEX C.C. Children's Department.—Visiting Officer.—Applics. invited for appointment as Visiting Officer in the Children's Department. Duties of the person appointed will include the visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to the homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into the care of the County Council. Preference will be given to candidates who have a diploma or certificate in Social Science, with special training or experience in child welfare. The salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the person appointed, but will not exceed £495 a year. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council, is at present applicable to persons appointed on the established staff. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Council. Application, giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than November 30, 1949. Canvassing, directly or indirectly, is forbidden.—John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council.

BUSINESS operating from country house on good N.S. & N. lines needs secretary, library assistant with gardening experience, housekeeper. All live in. Functions could be combined. Landsman's Library, Hartford, Huntingdon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NEW Zealand National Orchestra:—Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Conductor and Musical Director of the National Orchestra of the New Zealand Broadcasting Service. The appointment will, in the first instance, be for a period of three years from the date of commencement of duty. Salary will be £1,650 (N.Z.) p.a. Applics. will be received not later than December 16, 1949, at the office of the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 415 Strand, London, W.C.2, where full details are available to bona fide enquirers.

CIVIL Service Commission.—An Open Competition will be held in 1950 for the Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service and the Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Civil Service (Methods I and II), and for the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service (arrangements as for Method II). Age limits 20½-26 on August 1, 1950, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces, but certain candidates born on or after August 2, 1923, may be admitted at the Commissioners' discretion. Regulations and particulars are obtainable on application (preferably by post-card) to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 2700. The latest date for the receipt of completed Application Forms is November 30, 1949 (for Administrative Class Method II and for Foreign Service), or January 31, 1950 (for Administrative Class Method I).

B.B.C. invites applications for employment as Programme Assistants in the Albanian, Greek, Roumanian and Yugoslav Sections of the European Service. Candidates' knowledge of the language offered must be as a mother tongue or of equivalent standard. They would be required to read the language fluently and agreeably and to translate into it English texts on a great variety of subjects. They must be familiar with the language now used in the Press and on the radio in the country concerned, they should have an intimate knowledge of English, an interest in present-day world affairs and show ability in translating for broadcasting. At present there are no staff vacancies, but suitably qualified applicants are required immediately for part-time employment and will be placed on a reserve list for consideration when vacancies arise. Salary is according to qualifications. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "East European. N.Stm." For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BRITISH Broadcasting Corporation.—The Civil Service Commissioners announce that two or three vacancies on the administrative staff of the Corporation may be filled from among eligible candidates for either Method in the Normal Competition of 1950 for the Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service, who express an interest in service with the B.B.C. Age limits 20½-26 on August 1, 1950. Minimum starting salary £405. Full partics. and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting 2700 B.B.C. Closing dates for the receipt of completed application forms, November 30, 1949 (Method II), January 31, 1950 (Method I).

CO-OPERATIVE College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, a residential centre for adult students in social studies and vocational training, invites applications for post of tutor in the Social Faculty qualified to teach subjects from the following range—Sociology, Local and Central Government, Citizenship, Political Theory, Constitutional History, International Relations. The specific subjects will be decided according to the qualifications of the person appointed. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Scale for teachers in Technical Colleges and Institutes. Bed-sitting room available if required. Statement of terms of appointment obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative College, to whom applications should be forwarded within 14 days of the publication of this advertisement.

INTELLIGENT man or woman reqd. to take Brain Wave recordings in Ottawa Hospital, Canada. Preferably with some electrical & medical knowledge. Specialised training arranged if necessary. Minimum 3 yr. appointment at salary up to $200 a month. Send full particulars air mail: Dr. D. White, Kingston General Hospital, Ontario, Canada.

WANTED immediately, experienced booksellers, preferably with a working knowledge of stationery, to take charge of established book departments in North and East London Departmental Stores. Excellent opportunity with good prospects for keen young men or women possessing initiative and ability. Good salary and prospects. Apply in first instance giving full particulars of age, experience, etc., to Staff Manager, London Co-operative Society, 54 Maryland St. E.15.

YOUNG progressive couple wanted for modern dairy farm. Husband general assistant, wife take complete charge farmhouse. Chance financial interest, right people. Excellent separate accommodation, modern conveniences. Socialists preferred. Box 3036.

THE Y.W.C.A. requires Club Leaders and Assistants (young women) for leisure-time youth clubs in all parts of the country. Some training or relevant experience necessary. Salaries from £270 non-resident for young assistants up to £420 non-resident for more senior posts. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, Great Russell St. London, W.C.1. Women under 41 require a M. of L. permit.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIV. College of N. Staffordshire. A bundle of papers containing all the applications for the following Professorships in the College have been lost: 1, Modern Languages. 2, Biology. 3, Public Administration and Local Government. 4, Geography. Will all candidates who applied for these posts kindly communicate with the Registrar, c/o Town Clerk, Town Hall, Stoke-on-Trent.

WANTED: Resident Hostess for Working Women's Holiday Home in N. of England. Salary £275 plus board & accom. Applicants should be under 50 with exp. of catering (for 26), staff and household management. Capacity for creating a happy social atmosphere essential. Application and refs. to Secretary, Mary Macarthur Home, Stansted, Essex.

REQUIRED for children's Home in lovely surroundings south of London, Assistant Matron. Understanding for children & some nursing experience essential. £160 per annum with residence and laundry. Box 3196.

WANTED in small unconventional Free Church Settlement, leaders for Youth (man) and Children's (woman) Clubs. Apply 49 Kentwell Close, Honor Oak Estate, S.E.4.

MOTOR Industry Research Association. Applications are invited for a Mechanical Engineer for experimental investigation of stresses in motor vehicle components. Candidates, who should not be more than 25 years old, must possess a good Honours Degree and preferably have had some experience of research methods. The commencing salary will be not less than £400 per annum for suitably qualified candidates. Applications to be addressed to the Director, Motor Industry Research Association, Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex.

LONDON, N.W. Full-time qualified Music Teacher (man or woman) required in January in prog., co-ed. day sch. Work includes S.C. music, singing, piping and musical app. in Upper School (ages 10-18), and music classes in Lower School (ages up to 10). King Alfred School, North End Rd. N.W.11.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council invites prompt applics. from men/women (pref. married) for—(a) Junior Executive Officer with shorthand typing to assist Education Secretary in arrangement of selection, training and educational programmes. Starting salary £364 p.a.; (b) competent shorthand typist, starting salary £286 p.a. Write Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke St. W.1.

REQUIRED: shorthand-typist, kndge of bookkeeping an advantage. Full/part-time. Interesting work in adult education. Apply by letter stating salary required to: W.E.A., London District, 28 Woburn Sq. W.C.1.

PART-TIME Secretary Shorthand-typist for businessman interested in international affairs; journalistic ability preferred. Write BM/HZAL, London, W.C.1.

AGGRESSIVE, experienced Representatives required by manufacturers of Plastic Drawing Instruments and Scales, Advertising Novelties, Showcards, Displays, Name Plates and Dials, Cardboard Buckles and Metal Fittings. Box 2977.

ASSISTANT Superintendent for hostel of 16 boys on probation. Single man. Board and lodging provided, plus salary £250 p.a. Apply giving refs., age, exp., when available, to Mayers, 25 Whitefields Rd., Solihull.

CAPABLE woman required to assist Matron of Children's Home near London. Sewing, supervision of children and an ability to cook an asset. Ideal residential post for single woman or widow without children aged 30-45. (20 children). Box 3325.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY, Ph.D., German, French, perfect shorthand-typist, varied experience (also legal) seeks job. Box 3159.

BI-Lingual secretary-shorthand-typist (German and English, some knowledge French), seeks engagements, hourly, daily or part-time. Own typewriter. Experience commercial and organisational work. Good refs. Not subject to Control of Engagements Order. Box 3152.

UNIV. Hons. Grad., fluent French & some German, teaching, social serv. & secretarial exp., broad cultural interests, desires interesting post London area. Box 3068.

UNESTABLISHED post/dramatist, M.A. (Hons. Eng.) Dip. Ed., teaching/journ. exp., seeks immediate temporary or permanent employment. London area. Remuneration primary consideration. Box 3028.

GRADUATE student seeks work 2 evenings per week, Saturday or Sunday, preferably cultural. London. Box 3011.

DOES any harassed householder require general assistance from efficient, tidy-minded, silent female? Non-res., but irregular hours no objection. Definitely no heavy charring/child care undertaken. Box 2968.

WHERE TO STAY

MUDDIFORD Nr. Barnstaple, N. Devon. Broomhill. Winter residence 4 to 5gns. 150 acres own grounds. Amenities of well-managed hotel, with homely atmosphere of comfortable country house. Excellent country fare. Billiards. Tel. Shirwell 62.

NEW Year. See it in in the country for a change and fix it up at Croft House Hotel, Burcot, nr. Oxford. Clifton Hampden 32.

DUBLIN'S Luxury Licensed Hotel. "The Majestic." 'Phones in all bedrms., ideal sit., perfect food, mod. terms. Tel. 66421-2.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

REST and quiet holiday in lovely wooded country. Breakfast in bed. From 5gns. Miss Bell, The Gables, Groombridge, Sussex. Groombridge 15.

IF you have been ill, come & recuperate at Chilswell House Conval. Home, Boar's Hill, Oxford (4 miles). Oxford 85133. Lovely grds. friendly atmosphere, meals in bed if wished. Single/double rooms.

EASTBOURNE—Seaview Hotel, Grand Parade. Central position on sea front; excellent food, every holiday comfort, including games room, licensed. Terms from 7gns. Write for illustrated brochure or 'phone 4870.

SURREY Highlands for week-ends, holidays or permanent resid. Country house atmos. Children welcome. H. & c. all rooms. Efficient cent. htg. Licensed. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, nr. Farnham. Frensham 362.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Tel.: Bude 147.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Here is a hotel where you do as you like. It's friendly, comfortable and the food is excellent. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

SOCIALIST Guest House in beautiful Ribble Valley (Lancs). Peaceful holidays, enlarged mod. farmhouse. Home cooking. Full board, £4 10s. Stamped env. for brochure "Clarion House," Clayton-le-Dale, nr. Blackburn.

LOCKNER Farm Guest House, Chilworth, Guildford, Surrey. Farmhouse atmosphere, own garden produce, riding stables attached. Guildford 619871.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food; soft beds; a warm hotel; radiators and hot water in every bedroom. Apply Proprietor.

BOGNOR, Hotel San Paulo; private lawns facing sea; gennis; superb catering; h. & c. all rooms; special winter terms £20 month, no extras; special week-end quotation. Write, or 'phone Gerrard (London) 2372.

VENEZ passer vos vacances de Noel à Golden Acres. Anglo-French country club. Cent. htg., log fires, riding, tennis. Excellent fare. French proprietor. Elstead 314611.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Come for the winter and see the spring. Lovely country house. 15 acres. Excellent for asthmatics. Surf bathing Polzeath. Golf St. Enodoc (Rock). Fishing. Mildest climate. From 4gns. Port Isaac 234.

SWITZERLAND. More comfortable & less expensive in our Guest House, 3,370ft; Swiss Ski-School on place. Book now for winter sports or holidays. 14 francs daily, inc. Excellent cuisine, personal attention. Write brochure, "Le Cerisier," Caux S/Montreux.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

HAMPSTEAD. Unfurn. flat S.C., 2 large rooms, 1 small room, large K. and B., newly decorated. Telephone. Const. hot W. Available Jan. or Feb. No premium or fittings. 6 yr. lease. £300 p.a. Box 3083.

LONDON. First-class service flatlets with many comforts and attractions, for professional people. Singles 4 to 5gns.; doubles, 7 to 8gns. (including bfst. and dinner); also first-floor double balcony flatlet overlooking square, with own kitchen, 5gns. Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARK 6280.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

YOUNG couple offer furnished bed-sittingroom, W. Finchley, suitable professional woman. 2gns. Box 3187.

DIVAN bed-sitting room overlooking gardens in modern house nr. Kensington High St. Linen, hot water, mod. bthrm., cooking facilities, gas fire, £2 15s. Western 9233.

FLAT to let. Furnished, small, self contained, suit single lady. £3 weekly. Kingston Hill. Box 3122.

HOUSE room—Sussex hamlet—companionable woman, perhaps baby. Box 2990.

BED.-sit.-rm. with kitchenette, to let, Bays-water, no serv., 3½gns. p.w. Box 3035.

GENTLEMAN offered well-furn. divan-rm., breakf., evening meal, elec. fire, in good-class quiet home. Dog allowed. Ref. reqd. South Harrow. 4gns. Box 3072.

ANYONE interested buying contents and taking over lease small cottage, rent 12s. 6d. weekly (exc.). West Wales. Box 3085.

SMALL s.c. flat to let furnished in N. Devon farmhouse, 7 miles Barnstaple, 5 S. Molton. H. & C., electric light. Rent 2½gns. weekly. Box 3088.

JOURNALIST, unmarried, seeks room or small flat; moderate rent, near Central London. Box 2494.

TWO ladies, working at home req. pleasant furn. rms./part-house in suburb. Terms moderate. Cooking facilities. Box 3060.

YOUNG lady, pleasnt, educated, vegetarian, would appreciate comf. furn. room in well-kept house, with use of kitchen, partial board, Central London preferred. Box 3056.

PROF. woman reqs. small unfurn. room cent. London, occasional work. Box 2999.

ARTIST wants house, 4 to 6 rooms with studio, additional large room or convertible outbuilding. At least 1 acre garden. Within 30 miles London. Reply Box 3094.